

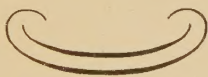
Innocent Bystanding

Frank
Sullivan

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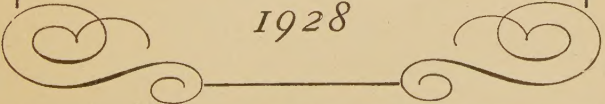
*Innocent
Bystanding*

By
Frank Sullivan



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FOREWORD

THIS was to have been a pretty monumental work. At one point or another I planned to brush lightly against almost every topic imaginable, so that anyone reading the book and absorbing its contents could go to dinner parties afterward and talk so well on such a multiplicity of subjects that all the other guests would be driven crazy.

The book was shaping itself nicely along those lines when one day not long ago, as the manuscript lay on a table near an open window, a storm came up and a wind whisked the sheets from under my very nose and scattered them to the four winds. Oh, there were *more* than four winds that day. I counted seven. There must have been nine or ten in all.

It was impossible to retrieve all the sheets. Many of them had been buried in remote, inaccessible sections of the subway excavation in the street outside. Others were filched by the spies who had been stationed outside the house by rival authors immediately after the rumor spread that the book would be monumental.

As a result of this untimely simoom the book may appear jumpy in spots, due to the crevasses caused by the absence of sections of the manuscript. I should

like to assure the reader that I am constantly on the lookout for these missing sheets and as fast as I recover them I shall see that each reader is supplied with a new copy of the work, containing the recovered data. With patience I am sure that we shall yet be able to drive most dinner guests crazy.

A word concerning the paper and typography of the book might not be amiss. It is printed on paper the pulp for which was specially chewed by the author from special spruce trees grown in the Canadian forests. This "labor of love" occupied three full years, or two years, eleven months and twenty-odd days longer than the day in which Rome was not built by Romulus and Remus, 752 B.C.

The paper is white. The ink used is a special new color which we are tentatively calling "black," until a better name can be found. "Black" is a little harsh to the ear.

But enough of statistics, which are, at best, apt to be dry!

The author would indeed feel remiss if he were to fail to acknowledge certain debts of gratitude. To *The World*, *The New Yorker* and *College Humor* for permission to reprint certain pieces. To Mr. Frederick Desmond of Brooklyn Technical High School and the staff of *The World*, who typed the manuscript and, I suspect, quietly wrote in several of the more astounding portions of it. To the Acme

Comma Company of Bayonne, N. J., for the commas used in the book. To the authorities of the British Museum for their kindness in furnishing the data on which the chapter on Queen Mary's hats is based. To Sir John Weether Brakemore, professor of philatotomy and don of Ephraim College, Ufton University, England, who was kind enough to read the chapter on "Gladstone, Man or Myth?" and suggest a few changes, one of which was that the chapter be omitted. Finally, to Miss Fifi Kelshy, librarian of Widdle College, Widdle, Iowa, who prepared the index.

F.S.

Manhattan Transfer,
July, 1928.

I. INNOCENT BYSTANDING

WON'T YOU—PULL OVER?

NEWS ITEM—Traffic cops in New York have been given a course in courtesy.

May we then expect something like this:

Traffic Cop (*to lady who has disregarded signal*)
—Madam!

She—You spoke?

He (*politely*)—Won't you—pull over to the curb?

She—I'm sorry—ah—but I don't recall ever having had the pleasure.

He (*laughingly*)—Perhaps you don't remember me. I am Officer Mark Meddigore. You are Mrs. Whettum of THE Whettums, aren't you?

She—Yes, I am Mrs. Whettum of THE Whettums.

He—Well, I had the pleasure of arresting your husband about six months ago for driving while intoxicated. Do you recall?

She—My DEAR! Of course I recall. How perfectly odd that you and I should meet like this!

He—I always say it's a small world.

She—George will be So interested to hear that I ran across you.

He—Does he still drink, Mrs. Whettum?

She—Like a fish, my dear Mr. Meddigore, like a fish.

He—How lovely to be able to do all the things one wants to do!

She—Ah yes, but none of us is perfectly happy. With all his liquor George is not as contented as you might think.

(Officer Meddigore *raises his eyebrows in polite but restrained surprise.*)

She (*leaning over and whispering confidentially*)—Can't hold his liquor at ALL any more. Two drinks and—whoopie!

He—Dear Mrs. Whettum, how sad!

She (*sighing*)—Well, that's another story, as Kipling said.

He (*lightly*)—I always say that everybody is always complaining about that other story but nobody ever does anything about Kipling.

She (*laughingly*)—Well, I doubt if it would do any good to try. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. Now Mr. Meddigore, you must come to tea with George and me some afternoon very soon—you really *MUST*. How about Friday?

He—I'm afraid Friday is fish day.

She—All right then, let's make it Friday.

He—I think I have a fitting Friday.

She—Well then, how about Friday?

He—I'm due for tea at Mrs. Vanderbilt's on Friday but maybe I could sandwich it in—

She (*waving her fan playfully at him*)—Tut tut, none of your sandwiching, now. George and I must have you all to ourselves. Can't you tell Mrs. Vanderbilt something?

He—No.

She—A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. Then go to your Mrs. Vanderbilt on Friday but do come to us some other afternoon when we can have a real chat.

He—That would be ripping. Would Friday do?

She—Could you make it some other day? I'm riding to hounds on Friday.

He—Ah, you hunt. How many dogs have you?

She—Just the usual two. See.

(*She shows him her dogs.*)

He—Then Friday it is.

She—Right-o!

He—Where shall we meet?

She—Would Puget Sound be all right for you?

He—Puget Sound will be fine. At, shall we say, deux heures et demi?

She (*jokingly*)—Oui.

He—I shall have my secretary make a note of it. Now before you go, dear Mrs. Whettum, I simply wanted to say that you crossed before I gave the signal.

She—I DID? Oh, Mr. Meddigore, I AM sorry.

He (*raising a deprecating hand*)—Pl-lease! My dear Mrs. Whettum, it's quite all right. I want you to. I want you to feel that you can come down here any time and cross before I give the signals.

She—I think you're just a brick to say that.

He—Please, Mrs. Whettum. I shall see you Friday?

She—Et comment! Well, toodle-oo. Don't take any nooden wickles.

ADVICE TO A LITTLE GIRL

A LETTER from Miss Bernice Ehrlich, nine years old, of Belleville, N. J., is at hand. Miss Ehrlich gave the letter to her father, with instructions to mail it to a Judge. Her father read it, and decided that before taking the drastic action suggested in the letter it might be well to place the situation before some one wise in the ways of the world and therefore qualified to advise all members of the female sex, young and old, regarding the innumerable ramifications of their dealings with the uncouth but inevitable male. So, quite naturally, he mailed the letter to this department.

It reads as follows:

"Dear Sir—I would like for you to arrest some boys, your Honor. They are the worst boys in the neighborhood. They fight with hatchets, they hit a girl over the head and they throw stones. Please put them in prison, your Honor. I salute you.

"P.S.—Their names are Joseph, Jimmy and Henry.

"P.S.—They curse, sware and do evil deeds."

. . .

Now, Bernice, if you really insist, I can put those bad boys in jail for you. I can do it for I know a

Judge who is very obliging and everybody that I don't like he puts into jail as a personal favor to me. This is a very good arrangement, because people know that I know this Judge, and, therefore, they are careful to be nice to me all the time because they know if they aren't, into the hoosegow they go. (Hoosgow is another word for jail.) But before I do this thing I must have a long talk with you for I feel there are some things about these boys you don't quite understand.

All boys are alike, Bernice. They all curse, swear and do evil deeds. So if you and I put these three boys into the calaboose (another word for jail) it would only be a drop in the bucket and the very next day you would find six bad boys sprung up to take the places of Henry, Jimmy and Joseph. Then, in order to be perfectly fair to Henry, Jimmy and Joseph, you and I would have to put these six bad boys in jail, too, and in no time at all, if we were perfectly fair, we'd have to put all bad boys in jail and there would be no more boys around, for we won't count sissy boys. You don't like sissy boys, do you?

Then, after a while, you'd begin to feel a little bit lonesome, but you wouldn't be half as lonesome at nine with no boys around as you would be at nineteen. Don't shake your curls and say you hate boys and always will, because I am an old codger who fought

in the Revolution and I know that at nineteen you would be coming to me pleading that those bad boys be let free.

The fact of the matter is that when Henry hit you over the head with a hatchet it was just his nine-year-old way of attracting your attention and showing you that he was interested in you. You see, Bernice, he was really flattering you. I hope you ignored the incident for that will only whet his interest in you. Ten years from now, if he is still around and you play your cards right, he will not be expressing his affection by hitting you with a hatchet. He will be sending you flowers and candy and asking you to the senior class dance or the frat prom. The return to the hatchet does not take place until after marriage.

As for the swearing and doing of evil deeds, well, Bernice, if those chores aren't done by bad boys and men, who is going to do them? If you ladies wanted some swearing or some evil deeds done and there were no bad boys or men around, who would do them for you? You frail creatures could not undertake rough work like that. It is the function of the male. It is one of the reasons why he is necessary.

I assure you sincerely, Bernice, that bad boys are a necessary evil for they become men, and men are nuisances, but women have to have them around to start the furnace, shovel the coal (and buy it) and do the evil deeds. And you will see, also, as you

grow older, that when you ladies feel the irresistible urge to coddle and nurse somebody men are very obliging about that and fall ill immediately.

You think this thing over for ten years, Bernice, and then if you still want Joseph, Jimmy and Henry put in the jug (another name for jail), you come and tell me and I will have this Judge of mine put them there; that is, unless in the meantime somebody who doesn't like me has made friends with a Judge and has had me put in jail.

THE INCOME TAX

THE income tax has been made the butt of a good many jokes, most of them unfair. The tax, contrary to general opinion, is quite simple. It is you and I who are complex.

Nobody need have any trouble with it. All that is necessary is to remember ninety-five simple precepts. Keeping these constantly in mind, or having somebody nearby reading them aloud, the filler of an income tax blank need not have the slightest fear.

Above all things, Keep Kool. A man who strikes a tax collector is a coward and unworthy of the name of income taxpayer.

If the collector starts the argument it's a different matter. If he doesn't start an argument there are plenty of devious little methods of goading him into starting one. I name only a few:

1. A tack on his chair.
2. Calling him names, such as "crook," "bum," "sap" and others omitted here but included in the private edition of this article, printed in Paris with illustrations of nude tax collectors by the late Aubrey Beardsley.
3. Prodding him with your cane.
4. Any other act of sadism that comes to mind.

Remember not to strike him first. Doing that would put the onus of the quarrel on your shoulders, and taxpayers have enough on their shoulders already.

Keep your rage in check and get to work on the tax form early. Too many laggards leave the filling out of their tax blanks until the last minute. They delay work on it until Jan. 1, knowing full well that this leaves them only until March 15 to finish it. The prudent man starts filling out his blank immediately after the Fourth of July of the year preceding the year in which the tax is due.

Thirdly, a religion of some sort, a faith in some higher power is most valuable. Scientists find that faith frequently helps a man through the terrible sloughs of despond likely to be encountered at that period in the filling of the tax blank where a man is asked to formulate a schedule which will properly reflect the results of operations if he is operating a farm on an inventory or accrual basis. The despair-suicide curve is also high at the period where it is necessary to ensure that the credit of 25 per cent of Item 29 does not exceed 25 per cent of the surtax of Item 19 (see instruction 21) of the normal tax ($1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the amount taxable at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, not over the first \$4,000 of Item 37) of Item 43 and of Item 44.

If a man has a consoling faith he will get through

these items safely, will even scale successfully the adjustment for capital gain or loss ($12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of column 9, schedule D) and arrive happily at the concluding Item 53, which is Item 50 minus Items 51 and 52, or, as I have affectionately dubbed it, the "balance of the tax."

If after following all these instructions you still have difficulty, I advise one of the following courses:

1. Sign everything over to your wife until the excitement has died down and the tax collectors have retired to the mountains, where they bear their young and hibernate until it is time to swoop down again upon an unprotected populace.

2. Pretend you didn't hear.

3. Don a false beard, speak with a lisp and pretend you have no income.

4. Shoot the Collector of Internal Revenue.

5. Shoot yourself.

6. Lie to the Government. (Most Americans would prefer 5 to 6).

7. Turn State's evidence and become a tax collector.

Some of our best friends and severest critics are tax collectors. They often come to us to get help in making out their returns. Sometimes we think of items that might go well in an income tax return and when we do we call up one of our collector friends and tell him about it. For instance: Item No. 53 in

the tax return was invented by us, although it is not generally known. It is the one that stipulates that 25 per cent of the accrued valuation of income from rents, bonds, royalties and cigars received by bequest, gift or stealth shall not exceed the first \$4,000 of Item 84.

The collectors get a bonus for each new item added to the tax form, the idea being that the state wants to have at least 3,000,000 items in the tax form by 1932 in order to keep pace with the estimates submitted by the Federal Lunacy Commission, which figures that if there are that many items by 1932 it will only take two years and three months to drive the entire population of the nation crazy, thus furnishing life jobs for the Lunacy Commission, unless its members happen to be in the tax-paying class, in which case they also would have to do the gracious thing and go crazy too.

Selah!

FALSE ALARM CLOCKS

A PHYSICIAN has protested against the alarm clock as a nerve-racking method of jerking slumberers from unconsciousness. He suggests the invention of some more æsthetic awakener that would not have such a jangling effect on the nerves.

Why not have the sleeper awakened by the Flonzaley Quartet? The quartet could sneak cautiously into the sleeper's chamber just before the scheduled hour for arising. They should wear felt shoes and their musical instruments should, of course, be made of rubber, so that in case one dropped it would bounce back into the grasp of the player without causing a racket. Awakened by good music, the sleeper would start the day in a divine mood.

Of course the defect in this scheme is that it would work with everybody except music critics, who cannot be successfully aroused from slumber by music. In the case of these critics a ruse might be employed. Have the musicians play for a while and then have some one imitate an audience leaving a concert hall. The sleeping critic's subconscious mind will then tell him that a concert is ended and he will awaken automatically.

Music is not the only alarm clock substitute that

suggests itself. A pleasant method would be to have a tall, distinguished man with gray hair enter the sleeper's bedroom quietly at the appointed hour, tap the slumbering one gently on the shoulder, and when consciousness has returned say:

"Excuse me for awakening you, but I am the attorney for your late uncle Ezra and I have the honor of informing you that his will is made out entirely in your favor and that you will shortly come into a fortune of \$7,283,296."

Or it could be a ravishing blonde who enters the room, awakens the sleeper and says:

"Please forgive me for this. Oh, I know it looks rather unconventional, but I simply had to do it. You don't know me, but my name is Peggy Joyce. I met you at Mr. Zero's Tub but I guess you don't remember. Well, the truth is that with me it was love at first sight and there has not been a moment since then that you have been out of my thoughts. So, it being a leap year, I thought I would come and ask you to make me very happy by becoming my husband."

If Miss Joyce should be busy elsewhere, this alarm could be given by Clara Bow or Dolores Costello.

Or the awakening could be accomplished in this manner: A tall, ruddy, dynamic chap with reddish hair and eyeglasses could come into your boudoir and thunder softly into your drowsy ear: "Sorry to wake

you so early, fathead, but I've been lying awake all night thinking about you and I had to get up and come here. You've been looking tired lately and you've been working hard, and, I may say, with a talent little short of genius. . . ."

"*Short* of genius, boss?"

"No, egad, you're right. *Not* short of genius. So I want you to take a year off at our expense and don't you dare come near the office. Our private car is ready to take you anywhere you say."

"No yacht, boss?"

"By George, I forgot about the yacht. I'll see to that. Make a note of it."

(The sleeper makes a note, as follows: "Yacht.")

"And now you go back to sleep. There's no use your getting up at all to-day, or any other day for the next year. Good-by."

WHAT THE TAILOR BROUGHT BACK

THE tailor, returning my suit, produced an old piece of blue paper with a lot of scribblings on it.

"I thought this might be something you wanted," he said. "I found it in one of the pockets."

The scribblings were ideas conceived in moments of febrile creativeness and jotted down hastily for future use. Most of them made no sense. I hadn't jotted hard enough. Some I was able to reconstruct. One note, for instance, read as follows: "Waiter looks at patrons' feet." I remembered how that had come about.

He was an oldtimer who had waxed confidential one night in a little restaurant. He had his own philosophy, the result of years of observation.

"I always look at their hats and their shoes," he told me. "If a man takes pains with his hat and his shoes, he'll take pains about his grub. If he don't, even if he has a \$1,000 diamond stud in his shirt, I know it don't make much difference what I hand him."

That seemed fairly important. I said nothing at the time, but as soon as I left the place slunk into a shoe-shining parlor. Later I had my hat cleaned.

Another note was sharply definite. It read:

“Invent a device to keep coal from the ears in sleeping cars.”

That was written when I was younger and hadn't traveled much. What tasks youth sets itself!

I did do some work on that project, however. Thinking to tackle the problem at its source, I made a tour of the Pennsylvania mine districts and put the thing squarely up to the miners. I didn't get very far with them because they all had coal in their ears and so were rather biased on the matter. In the second place, with all that coal in their ears they couldn't hear what I was saying. In the third place, they couldn't see why anybody should object to having coal in his ears.

I got nowhere with them. I guess we might as well reconcile ourselves to coal in our ears whenever we travel on sleeping cars.

Another note said: “Applause for actors a nuisance.” I knew what I had in mind when I scribbled that note.

On opening nights whenever an actor makes his or her first appearance some part of the house breaks into a little storm of applause. The actors do not like this. It throws them out of the mood of the part.

I had an idea that the cast might get back at these clappers by doing some applauding themselves. My plan was to fix things so that whenever a popular

critic—well, let's make it a well-known critic—came down the aisle the cast was to stop acting, proceed to the footlights and applaud vociferously until he had taken his seat.

Also, I had an idea that when applause was started for some particular member of the cast, the rest of the cast could stop work and join in.

Another note read: "King Michael." I don't remember what I had in mind about the boy king of Roumania, but an idea occurs. Why wouldn't he make a good candidate for President? He isn't a Republican, which means that the Democrats could vote for him; and he isn't a Democrat, therefore the Republicans could vote for him.

He would appeal strongly to the female vote. He would get all the Roumanian vote. Nan Britton couldn't possibly write about a President like Michael, and we might look forward to having Baby Peggy installed in the White House as First Lady of the Land.

Jackie Coogan could be in the Cabinet. This would improve the Cabinet. A place in the Cabinet could be created for Queen Marie. She could be made Secretary of Vanishing Creams.

A NOTE ON HOT STOVES

A PUPIL in the township school at Princeton, N.J., burned himself by backing into a hot stove and is now at the head of his class in school. Students with examinations staring them in the face might do well to look into the possibilities of this substitute for cramming. Obviously, the stimulation to the nerve centers that resulted from the contact of the hot stove with the seat of the young man's pants had some effect upon his center of mental activity.

There is undoubtedly something to this theory that increased mental activity results from backing into an object like a hot stove or radiator.

The present writer has had the good fortune to make a contribution which may serve as a basis for any investigation that may follow. He will shortly publish a monograph which describes the effect upon 245 business and professional men of accidentally coming into contact with the radiator in the bathroom while leaning forward to dry the lower portions of the body after having taken a bath.

The pamphlet will for a time be available in German only because it is very, very deep, and, in fact, had to be translated for its own author. In time a little love interest will be added and it will be pub-

lished in English by Boni, Doran, Liveright, Dutton, Doubleday, Forty or Fight.

Most of us have at one time or another felt the impact of a hot radiator in the bathroom. One bathes. One must thereafter dry one's self. In drying the femur, or thigh bone, one does not have to bend very much, hence the cases of bathers burned by radiators while drying femurs are fairly rare. Drying the rotula, or kneecap, is a more serious matter and requires a good bit of bending but our accident curve reaches its highest loop when the bather bends over to dry the vicinity of the tarsus, or ankle, and the various regions of the foot, which include the metatarsus, the phalanges of the toes, the talus astragalus, or ankle bone; the os calcis, or heel bone; the external, internal and middle cuneiform bones, of which there are six, and the navicular scaphoid. I have forgotten what the navicular scaphoid bone is, but it's a perfect name for a bone. Neat without being gaudy, and that, I always say, is the primary requisite of a good, first-class bone name.

Now, what did I find as a result of my investigations? In a word, simply this: Following contact between a hot radiator, which acts as a negative pole, and a normal, clean-living, American business man, who acts as a positive pole, there is a definite reaction. His pulse goes up. He is more alert. His eyes

protude. Invariably, actual contact between the subject and the radiator is announced by one short yelp or screech. From the man, of course, for the radiator carries on without any audible manifestations save an occasional calm hissing.

It is all very interesting, and I should like to see the young man who sat on a hot stove. I could not get any of the business men I examined to do that.

THE FALLACY OF BITING RAW COPS

A MAN is accused of biting a finger belonging to a patrolman named William Carroll.

Patrolman Carroll, according to the police, has eight fingers and two thumbs. These are distributed equally on two "hands," which are located at the ends respectively of two "arms." (A policeman is required to have at least two arms.)

According to the police, Patrolman Carroll, having caught the fellow in the act of stealing nickels from a telephone box, pointed the finger of scorn at him. The finger generally used for pointing scorn is the index finger of the right hand. It is alleged that the thief seized this finger and bit it. He is consequently charged with scorning scorn, biting the finger of scorn and conduct unprofitable to the telephone company.

Before we judge the culprit too harshly let us remember that we are all (*a*) potential pilferers of nickels from public telephones and (*b*) potential cop biters.

Nine out of ten people who read this article, if ten people read it, must admit that they invariably grope in the return chute of the public telephone every time they use one, in the sometimes not too

vain hope that a stray nickel may have accidentally found its way out. Several of the big telephone fortunes have been started in this manner.

We all want to bite cops. When we are very young we want to bite our stepmother. This is called a stepmother-fixation. As we grow older, the policeman reminds us of our stepmother and the hole in the top of our skull closes, leaving no other holes there except such as may have been carelessly bored in later life.

So there is always the impulse to bite, scratch, kick, mar or sneer at the nearest police officer and much of the unrest of to-day may be ascribed to the fact that this emotion is not given free play. We are a nation of neurotics, and why? Because the police of America, placing their private interests above the public weal, will not suffer biting, scratching or kicking from the populace.

Now there is also the possibility that the present culprit is a public-spirited but misunderstood citizen who is trying to spur the police to greater efforts in the tracking down of malefactors. Obviously, to arouse a cop from lethargy some sudden shock is needed. Placing a hot stove beneath him is out of the question because it is bad for the stove. Biting is much more practicable, although fraught with danger to the biter, for there is always the possibility that (a) the energy aroused in the nipped patrolman

will act as a boomerang upon the biter, as in this case, or (*b*) that the biter will catch lockjaw or break a tooth. One therefore hopes the authorities have seen to it that this man has had every medical and dental attention.

It is also possible that the poor chap was extracting the nickels from the coin boxes so that he might return them to the telephone company before some respectable citizen came along and stole them.

It is finally possible that he is just a big kid, full of fun.

OUTFITTING THE COLLEGE STUDENT

How to outfit the young man about to enter college. That is the problem bothering many an anxious parent during the cool September days when the trains are filled with eager, unsullied young faces bound for the country's various higher institutions of learning.

If the boy is to be a success at college there is no single item in his outfit more important than the flask.

Don't let the boy select his own flask and, above all, don't let him tell you he wants to go through college without a flask. Drinking from the bottle is perfectly permissible at home or within a small circle of intimate friends but any student caught in that practice at a prom, or during an examination, is stigmatized instantly as *déclassé*. It is a dangerous habit anyhow because cases have been known of individuals who on the shock of the first gulp have unwittingly bitten off the neck of the bottle and swallowed it. Fortunately, in most of these cases the liquor was potent enough to dissolve the glass immediately, thus averting indigestion.

The clothing worn by the college student will depend largely upon, and should be based on, the flask. Naturally, it is impractical to outfit the boy

with six or seven suits and then on buying the flask find that it will not fit any of the back pockets of the pants. Buy the flask first and have the boy's pants made to fit it.

In buying the boy's bearskin coat be sure to get it big enough. Get it big enough to accommodate at least one other student. Two students often walk into the more expensive athletic events hidden under one bearskin coat, thus saving the price of one ticket, which often is as high as \$10 or \$15. In this way what you spend on the boy's bearskin coat you really save in the long run. Even in the short run you would save some.

Also remember that what you spend on the bearskin coat you save on garters. Formerly, a college student wore out as many as two pairs of garters every year or eight during a four-year course. Of late years, however, the tendency has been to lengthen the various courses so that in most of the bigger colleges the law course is now six years, medicine is seven, and so on.

They do not wear garters any more, so a medical student now saves the price of fourteen pairs of garters during his course of seven years. At fifty cents a pair this represents a saving of \$7. Students working for their master's degree or their Ph.D., who spend as much as ten or twelve years in college, save even more on garters.

It frequently happens that the size of the flask has to be changed for the boy from year to year. As youths progress in their studies their capacity increases and they require a flask of larger size.

In families where more than one youth happens to be pursuing a college course a saving can often be effected by having the younger brother use the discarded flasks of the elder brother, who is a junior or who perhaps has been a freshman for several years.

In families where economy prevails the student can sometimes be provided with a new flask by the simple process of patching up old flasks. A maiden aunt handy with the needle can do the patching. If, in addition to being handy with the needle, she is also a master plumber, so much the better.

The boy must have his bearskin coat if he is to become a successful college student. Many college students practically live in their bearskin coats and during the winter at the more northern colleges the coats furnish a real refuge from the chilly nights.

The student must also be equipped with a yellow slicker painted with various mottoes and designs.

The oilskin coat should be bright yellow. It is considered *au fait* to have the various female friends of the youth place their autographs on the coat. Legends such as "Excuse My Dust" or "If You Can Read This You Are Too Damn Close" should be

painted on the back, with any mural or landscape designs that occur to the boy's fancy.

Some students, especially those studying art or architecture, are talented enough to decorate their own coats but students specializing in economy or history are not generally artists, and hence their oil-skins had better be decorated at home by a maiden aunt who has studied painting on china.

Now, as to the choice of the bootlegger. Every student has his own bootlegger. Bootleggers are of two classes.

The first class purveys liquor of a poisonous quality which will make the student ill and cause him to get practically nothing in geometry, biology, et al. The second and more honorable class of bootleggers purveys liquor of a wholesome, tonic blend, calculated to invigorate and hearten. Students favored by these good bootleggers often emerge triumphantly from classrooms bearing marks of 100 or better.

On entering college each student is "rushed" or "tapped" by the various bootleggers, and it is most important that the boy choose wisely. In most cases it is well for the father to accompany the boy to school and supervise this rushing or tapping. Then, if the father does not like the bootlegger who is rushing or tapping his son, he can rush or tap the bootlegger.

THE FORMAL TONSILITIS OPERATION

WHY do you suppose four out of every five members of the Senate and House of Representatives catch tonsilitis before they are forty days in Congress? And why has a man like Calvin Coolidge, in the years that he has been in public office, never once been laid up with tonsilitis, bronchitis, laryngitis, la grippe or coryza?

The secret lies in keeping the mouth shut. The tonsilitis germ usually enters the throat through the mouth. It is not considered "cricket" to come in via the ear. If the mouth is kept shut the tonsilitis germ has no chance to enter. Silence may be golden but it never got anybody tonsilitis.

Any doctor will tell you that the floor of Congress is the happy hunting ground of the tonsilitis germ. When all else fails, and he has wearily made the rounds of an inhospitable country, finding mouths impregnably closed to him, the germ can always wend his way homeward to Washington and on entering the House of Representatives find at least a baker's dozen of open mouths awaiting his arrival. Even if the legislator happens to be asleep, as is often the case, his mouth is apt to be slightly ajar and it is then ridiculously easy for the germ to slip through

the unguarded portal and make himself at home.

If the germ is a real sport and therefore inclined to take a chance, he disdains the easy prey offered by sleepers whose mouths are open and concentrates upon the legislators who are talking. He stations himself at a point near the jaw of an orating legislator and watches his opportunity to dart inside. The germs are wily. They do not try to slip past the portals while their prey is uttering any brief, staccato phrase like "pork barrel." They wait until they get a fine, rolling mouthful like "My honorable confrère, the gentleman from Alabama," which involves opening the mouth to an alarming degree. Then they have at least an even chance of scooting into the honorable gentleman's larynx between syllables.

Let us examine the methods of going about an operation for tonsilitis and the average cost of same.

The patient can generally count on spending \$50 for ether. Do not stint yourself on the ether if you want the operation to be a success. There should be enough for yourself, for the doctor, the nurse, the anæsthetician, the invited guests and any stray latecomers. It is always well to be prepared for stray latecomers. Nowadays it is seldom that a really successful tonsilitis operation does not have a stag line if the patient is a popular belle, or a doe line if the patient is male.

Now arises the question, whom to invite to your operation.

Much depends on whether the function is to be formal or informal.

In either case there must be the members of the immediate family and, if you are married, of your wife's family. Often these guests are necessary evils. They have a tendency to notice things and criticize. We know that the patient's father, if the tonsils resulting from the operation are displeasing to him, will say that the patient got his tonsils from his mother's side of the house, while the mother will insist that the patient got them from his father.

There must be two witnesses for the operation, one for each tonsil.

The doctor wears white if it is his first operation. If he is a widower he indicates same by wearing a sign reading "Widower."

The arriving guest should of course go immediately to the operating table and present his respects to the patient. It is well, if one is invited to a tonsilitis operation, to start early, to allow plenty of time for unforeseen delays such as the breaking of all of your suspender buttons at once. If you wear a belt you can safely start a little later.

On presenting respects to the patient it is good form to wish him a successful operation, telling him some jest in keeping with the spirit of the occasion

and designed to raise his spirits. I find that friends whose operations I attend are always interested when I tell them the one about the doctor who said that "the operation was successful, but the patient died."

If, when you arrive, the patient has been placed under the ether you leave your card and that of your husband. If you have no husband leave the card of the husband you know best.

If you are giving the operation, be careful what you say on entering and emerging from the ether. Remember, you are not now in the privacy of the home and you are not at liberty to express yourself freely concerning your friends, many of whom may have complimented you by gathering about the operating table, or festive board, as it is sometimes called. Profanity is almost never excusable.

Never kick the nurse. An American gentleman never raises his foot against a trained nurse except in kindness.

Never kick the doctor except under proper provocation. Remember that he, too, is under a strain. He is bending over your person, inhaling the ether fumes from you and under the influence of the ether he is as liable to make mistakes as the next, and perform several operations where you ordered only one, or perform the wrong operation or none at all.

When the doctor sends his bill it is considered a

thoughtful and courteous act of appreciation to add one cipher to the bill as a sort of pleasant surprise: thus, if he bills you for \$200, send him a check for \$2,000. The check need not be good.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SMILING

"A SMILE is the greatest thing in life," says John D. Rockefeller, Sr. "There is nothing like a smile to bring cheerfulness, and the world would be worth but little were there no smiles. I always like to see any one smile. A smile makes all faces attractive."

No, it doesn't, Uncle John. When the waiter in "Lady Be Good" asked Harry Watson how he liked his soup, Harry pondered the question for a second and then said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I'm kind o' sorry I stirred it." There are faces that are better left unstirred by smiles.

Uncle John is older than I am, and maybe he knows more about it. Anyhow, he can afford to lie back now and smile all he wants. He has made his little pile. If he doesn't feel like smiling himself he has twenty or thirty butlers at his beck and call and he can make them do his smiling.

When he made that statement he was on his way to Florida for a nice vacation. Probably in a private car. A winter of golf and balmy tropic weather ahead of him. Three square meals a day. Plenty of money in the bank. No thought for the future. And whenever things get dull a reporter to come and interview him on topics like smiling.

As I sit unsmilingly here the rain is coming down in sheets. I am not going to Florida in a private car to spend the winter playing golf.

Au contraire, in half an hour I shall have to tidy myself up and go to the dentist and I think it's going to be the day he uses the buzzer. Why should I smile? I owe a lot of money. I like coffee but I can't drink it because it keeps me awake. Nobody loves me very much. But I'm supposed to smile. Uncle John Rockefeller would have me smile, eh?

There is far too much unwarranted smiling as it is. I'd be glad any old time to act as one of a small group of determined individuals wearing pronounced frowns who will arm themselves with tomahawks, paper bags full of water and other deadly weapons and go out on a rampage to exterminate the pep artists who are at us all the time trying to make us smile. Let's start with the so-and-so who wrote "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile."

I won't pack up my troubles in an old kit bag. I don't own an old kit bag and, what's more, I don't want one for Christmas. Anybody who carries an old kit bag must be what Booth Tarkington's Miss Florence Atwater would call an old poot. Look at what the old kitbaggers did to the South after the Civil War. My troubles are going to stay lined up in very neat array right out on the bureau where I

can see them all the time, in case I ever get foolish and start letting myself be sold on this smile, smile, smile propaganda.

If Uncle John Rockefeller could prove that smiles did make faces attractive it would be different. If it improved the face it would be all right to go on orgies of smiling, but I know better. I know from personal experience and from observation of smilers met during the course of a long and sad career that it is apt to do just the opposite.

One may have a face that is just on the border line; that just escapes not quite being a face. A face that might get by without exciting too much comment if it is let alone and not twisted by a lot of haphazard smiling. But you read what a man like John D. Rockefeller says about smiling, you respect his announcements as coming from one of the country's Elder Statesmen and you decide he may be right. So you proceed to smile, thus throwing your face completely out of plumb and giving innocent children on their way to school a fright that impresses itself on their subconsciousness and sows the seeds of many a phobia and neurosis that will harass their adult years.

Consider the smiling in the drama to-day. Has Uncle John Rockefeller ever had to cope with THAT? Has he ever had to sit through a musical comedy watching sixty or seventy chorus girls wear-

ing set smiles supposed to register joy, glee, abandon and delight? The stage director sticks these smiles on the maps of these poor girls at rehearsals and they stay there during business hours until the show ends its run. And all the time you know these merry elves are not smiling for the fun of it but because they'd get the gate if they didn't. They are only human.

Ballet dancers, too. They twitter out, dancing on their toes, and it hurts you more than it does them. You know it must hurt them, yet upon their faces there is glued a gay, toothsome smile intended to give you the impression that spring is here, hey nonny-no! It is Afternoon and a Faun is chasing a couple of nymphs. Dump-de-de-dump-dump-dump-bum! Schubert's "Moment Musical."

And all the time you, with your features distorted by vicarious agony, are wishing the poor devils could come down on the flat of their feet for a few seconds and give their arches a rest. There should be a law against ballet dancing, or, lacking that, at least make them be honest about it and let them not pretend they like it.

No, Uncle John. No smiling, please. You may have some special reason for wanting to smile. Maybe you just had a new gold tooth put in. In that case, all right. But let's be honest about it. Let's not pretend we smile because we want to.

WHY HURT YOUR DENTIST?

THREE points seem fairly certain in the recent killing of a dentist, which I have been investigating quietly for the last fortnight.

First, a patient did it.

Second, it could have been prevented.

Third, the dentist was killed either because (*a*) he said, "This is not going to hurt," and it did; (*b*) because he said "This is going to hurt," and it did; or (*c*) because he said, "This is going to hurt," and it didn't.

A dentist is never murdered when he says, "This is not going to hurt" and it doesn't.

Let us examine the situation.

A patient did it. No one will dispute that. So much for point one.

It could have been prevented. It is clear that the murderer-patient had lost control of the dentist, or had never learned it. At the beginning of the course of treatment he had let the dentist get the upper hand. That was the beginning of the end. Half the battle would have been won and the murder probably averted if at the very first sitting the patient had definitely impressed upon the dentist the fact that he, the patient, was master.

He evidently failed to do this and the wily dentist was only too quick to take advantage of the situation. Therefore, as the treatment progressed the chances of the patient getting the upper hand dwindled and dwindled until, with a shock, he realized at length that he never could be master in that dentist's office. In the fit of despair that followed, the murder was done.

My relations with my dentist are most cordial. Probably I shall never murder him; I shall never have cause to. He knows my attitude toward dental work, and I know he knows it. We had a frank talk at the beginning, before he ever touched a buzzer to a molar of mine.

"Doctor," I said, "I want you to fix my teeth."

"Good," he said.

"Yes," I said, "I want you to fix them good. And I want you to fix them painlessly."

"Painlessly?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Why," he said decidedly, "I couldn't—"

"Stop!" I raised a hand. "Do I hear aright? Do I hear you, one of the finest specimens of the young American dentist it has been my pleasure to see, making use of such a word as 'couldn't'? Since when has that odious word become part of the bright lexicon of American dentistry? Did the dentists who left their practices at Lexington and Concord in 1775

use the word 'couldn't'? Was 'couldn't' heard among that brave army of dentists who repelled Lee at—at—where did those dentists repel Lee?"

"I didn't even know he was repelled," he said, visibly affected.

"Yet," I continued, "I come to you seeking to have my teeth fixed painlessly, and what do I hear? I hear you telling me that you 'couldn't'"—

"Stop," he said, "I'll fix your teeth painlessly."

As a matter of fact, plenty of dentists during the Revolution and the Civil War hurt people but I wasn't telling him.

I got into the chair and he started. He had not been long at it when, apparently forgetting our pact, he said, "I may hurt you a little now."

Instantly I said, "Oh, will you? Well, I may hurt you a little now, too."

I then kicked him in the shins.

"Remember our bargain," I told him, "painless! You know."

Thus I got off to a running start. I had the upper hand. He respected me. He knew that when I said "painless" I meant it. He had his low moments, too, when he complained bitterly and said he didn't know how he could proceed with the work in hand without hurting me. Those were the moments when he really did hurt me, though in another sense, for I liked him and hated to be too severe with him. It

was when he was in these moods that I had to struggle with myself against the temptation to unbend, to give him a kindly pat on the head and say, "There, there, don't worry. If you really feel you can't get along without hurting, go ahead and hurt me."

No. For his own sake, as well as for the sake of the hosts of patients to follow, I could not let him lose his grip on himself. I had to adopt a harsh tone and tell him that nothing was impossible; that it was his mental attitude and that he must not let himself give in to these moods.

In order to make sure I was impressing him properly I even went so far as to kick him in the shins several times when he hadn't hurt me at all. These blows hurt me far more than they did him.

"Ouch!" he would cry. "That wasn't fair. I didn't hurt you then. I wasn't even near the nerve. I couldn't possibly have hurt you."

"Yes, you did," I would lie, God forgive me.

"Well, I can't stand this any longer," he would protest, almost in tears, and would hang up his buzzer. "I wish you'd go to some other dentist. I don't want you to come here any more."

Those were the times when it was necessary for me to be most severe. I had to take his engagement book myself, ferret out a vacant hour that suited my convenience and make an appointment for myself.

"And no locked doors, nor pleadings that you are

sick!" I'd caution, wagging a finger at him, "because I'll come right after you and get you."

He knew I meant what I said. If the murderer we are discussing had had some of my stamina, he wouldn't be a murderer to-day.

Well, what happened? Simply this, that after I had put him through the proper course of sprouts he found he could accomplish much more than he had supposed. These days it is not necessary for me to kick him in the shins more than once every eight or ten sittings.

As a special treat I allow him to hurt once every two weeks. It is worth the small amount of discomfort I suffer to watch his naïve glee on these occasions. I feel that this innocent amusement acts as a safety valve and keeps him out of mischief. It wouldn't do to forbid him all hurting. All work and no pain makes Tom a dull dentist.

He seems most interested in my case now. He frequently tells me he is glad I came into his practice, and sorry he ever tried to get rid of me.

"I have lots of fun making out your bill nights," he tells me, chortling.

I laugh with him. I am thinking of the time he will have collecting it.

MR. BELL'S FOLLY

A PLAINTIVE letter comes from another Frank Sullivan:

"Very often I am called to the phone at University 8496 for calls intended for you, the caller evidently trying every Frank Sullivan in the book. If you wish to give me your number to give to these parties it may serve to expedite matters."

No, Frank. We sympathize with you. Our heart bleeds for you, but we do not wish matters expedited.

We wish the telephone as an institution were in Gehenna. The most blissfully perfect days we have experienced since the rosy, idle hours of childhood were the six days last spring when the telephone company cut off our service because the bill for the previous month had not been paid.

If our counsel had prevailed the bill would have gone unpaid. If the household had consisted of just ourself, the telephone company would have whistled for its dough. We should have written a letter to all the directors of the company stating the amount due from us and asking them to name a day for the whistling. The triumph would have been ours, too, for the chances are that not one out of

twenty-five telephone company directors can whistle worth a hoot. Granted that a larger proportion could, that could be fixed easily by parading up and down in front of the whistling ranks sucking a lemon. That would fix their whistles for a while.

Discussions took place in the household, the consensus being that the bill ought to be paid. As a minority of one we advocated the substitution of other means of communication with the few persons we wished to reach. We suggested the old Indian smoke signal. A fire of wet wood and damp leaves could easily be built on top of the house, creating a column of smoke visible by day for miles.

As the years pile on a person, the ring of the telephone becomes more and more a jangle. Age advances. With the advance of age, disillusionment comes. The more disillusioned a man gets the fewer people he wants to see. The fewer people he wants to see the less use a telephone is to him. The more the telephone rings when a man is disillusioned the less he likes it and the more disillusioned he gets to be.

When a man's young and life is at the spring, each day means a new thrill and every ring of the telephone is a potential adventure. The telephone bell has a silvery tinkle. These are the salad days, when all the world is friendly and a youth believes that a woman means everything she says at two

o'clock in the morning. He has a book full of telephone numbers. This is the book which, with a sardonic laugh, he casts into the furnace ten or fifteen years later.

After the salad days a man begins to lose his illusions. Ten or fifteen disappointments in love and he takes to drink. Under the influence of drink he takes to love again and has ten or fifteen more disappointments. He gives up drink. He then grows crotchety. Steaks which in earlier days he ate uncomplainingly he now sends back to the restaurant kitchen. He kicks if the bed is not made to suit him. He starts going to doctors. People who fail to hold their liquor annoy him. He can't hold his. In these days the telephone bell has a harsher sound. When he is called to the phone and some one says "Guess who this is?" his laugh is forced and not at all the buoyant, expectant peal it was in the earlier days. He doesn't half try to guess who it is. He doesn't care.

He has discovered that women are fickle. He now discovers that the theory dubbed "friendship" is a bubble. So, when nobody is looking, he shoots a great many of his so-called friends. Others he inveigles into midnight walks along the piers. There is a splash in the night, a frantic gurgle, and rings of silver where the light catches the departing ripples. Several days afterward some one may say to

our hero, "Where is that Joe Packelbury you used to chum around with? I don't see him any more." Our hero smiles and keeps his counsel.

He is none too secure himself, for the people he knows are undergoing the same process of disillusionment. Perhaps it is he who is pushed surreptitiously from the top of the Woolworth Building by some cynic tired of looking at his face, tired of hearing him tell the same stories, weary of hearing him talking about himself.

If he survives, telephone communication becomes less and less necessary to him as the years go by, because all those who might want to communicate with him have dropped away one by one. He reaches the point where he snarls if the telephone rings before noon and has a terrible time of it being nice to the caller, if the caller is somebody he has to be nice to.

Finally he reaches the conclusion that there is only one worthwhile person in the world—himself. He lives with himself quietly and contentedly for a while and of course has now no need at all for a telephone. He cannot telephone to himself.

Then comes the final, inevitable, horrible discovery. He realizes that he is only a piece of cheese, too, like all the rest of them. He realizes that he has made a terrific error and should have pushed him-

self off the pier along with the friends he destroyed in the years past.

Ah, but it is easier said than done! How can he get behind himself, project his own foot against his own rear end, and send himself into the river? It is necessary that he be an acrobat to accomplish this. He might even be a minor acrobat and succeed, but we can't all be acrobats. Somebody must head the bill. Somebody must go on at 9:30. Life must have its Sophie Tuckers, its Friscos, its Belle Bakers. What is Life, after all, but One Big Vaude—

No, Mr. Sullivan of University 8496. When they telephone and ask for us, just tell them we'll have the money by the first of the month, sure. Then hang up.

NICK, THE WRECKER

NICK CZARN is a house wrecker, of thirty-eight summers. And what a house wrecker! What finesse, what elegance, what aplomb! Whenever anybody wants a house wrecked he sends for Nick. Nick comes, gives the house a push and, presto, the house is a wreck.

For a solid week Nick had been celebrating Christmas. He'd celebrate Christmas at one place and then, zoop, he'd be off to another place to celebrate Christmas there. Never was there a man with such zeal for celebrating Christmas.

Early on the morning after Christmas, passing from one celebration to another, Nick went by Tompkins Square Park in a fine glow. He caught a glimpse of the park. It dashed madly on. This puzzled Nick.

"Perhaps the park is out for an early morning jaunt," thought Nick. He decided to be sociable and jog a piece with the park. So he started to run but the park suddenly turned around and started to move the other way.

It was annoying.

"Stand still," shouted Nick threateningly to the

park, which was just then passing him for the third time.

"What's got into you, anyhow?" shouted Nick to the park, "I guess you must be *drunk!*"

Again the park went skittishly by and Nick started to chase it, but he slipped on the ice and fell. The park kept racing around him in circles, like a puppy full of the *joie de vivre*.

Thoroughly enraged now, Nick set out to teach that park a lesson. He seized it by the end which is at Ninth Street and Avenue A and shook it severely. Thus rudely disturbed, an angry elm above Nick dropped a large branch on Nick's skull, thinking to teach him some manners. Nick turned on the tree and gave it a good punch. The elm countered by dropping another limb on Nick. Then Nick went after the elm in dead earnest.

He almost had it on its back when William Lawrence, superintendent of the park, hastened up. It happened to be Mr. Lawrence's pet elm.

"Here!" shouted Mr. Lawrence.

"Where?" shouted Nick, as he turned and saw William Lawrence after William Lawrence gliding past him in what seemed like an endless procession of William Lawrences.

"You send those other fellows home and I'll talk business with you," challenged Nick.

"You let that elm alone," ordered Mr. Lawrence; "it wasn't bothering you."

"It was, too," returned Nick. "It drew a knife on me."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Lawrence, "that elm is the gentlest elm we have in the park. Furthermore, it's an elderly female elm. Aren't you ashamed?"

"I never struck a female in my life," apologized Nick, drawing back and bowing to the elm.

"Any time any of your young male elms get fresh," Nick assured Mr. Lawrence, "just send for me. Or any time you want a house wrecked. Oh, when I think of the houses I've wrecked!"

A tear stole down his cheek just as a patrolman stole up behind him.

The upshot of it all was that the patrolman enticed Nick to Essex Market Court by telling him he wanted it wrecked. But when they got Nick to Essex Market they had to postpone his case because Nick kept confusing the Magistrate with the nine Justices of the United States Supreme Court.

IL PENSEROSO

MEDITATIONS of a gentleman with a toothache reading a Sunday newspaper:

O-o-o-o-h! . . . God bless the man who invented toothache. . . . Another picture of Gene Tunney. . . . Larry turn the crank. . . . "Mellie Dunham, the country's best known old-time fiddler, ice-fishing with apparent success at North Pond, Me." . . . Here's a picture of the President posed on the front piazza of the White House with his naval aide. . . . The President looks as if he had a toothache. . . . The naval aide looks as if he had acute egotism . .

I wish this tooth would let up for just one minute. . . . I think I'll have it out to-morrow. . . . But I'll be dead to-morrow, probably. . . . I won't last until to-morrow the way things are going now . . . you could die of toothache, couldn't you? . . . If I died, I wonder if I'd have a nice funeral. . . . Would people come? . . . Would I be in a position to watch the funeral, I wonder? . . . Everybody would like me after I was gone . . . I wish people could have their funerals before they die so that they could see everybody liking them.

Everybody crying and saying what a swell little

guy you were. . . . Yeh, then why didn't you all appreciate the swell little guy when he was alive? . . . Why didn't one of you take the trouble to call on him at the hospital or send him a little note or a delicacy? . . . A few kind words, an understanding clasp of the hand and things might have been so different for the poor fellow . . . but no . . . When he was alive you were all too busy about your own little petty ambitions to stop and lend him a helping hand. . . . Dying of toothache and not one of his fair weather friends showed up. . . . Nobody to calm his fevered brow except a detached, hard-faced nurse in cold white and she only worrying for fear he wouldn't pass out in time to let her keep her date with the interne with the blond hair and the black eyebrows. . . . Now he's gone and you're all sorry.

I suppose you're all wondering . . . wondering what old Sullivan did with his money. . . . They say he had plenty, the first nickel he ever earned. . . . He never would ride in an automobile, always rode on the "L," but they say there was never a big deal pulled in Wall Street unless he was consulted first . . . Is he leaving his dough to you or did he leave it to the museum?

And just at this point it would be nice to suddenly come to life and point an accusing finger. . . April fool on all of you. . . . I'm back, and my toothache

is gone . . . and I've found out who my real friends are and who are my fair weather friends. . . . All you fair weather friends can go fish; you can go ice-fishing with Mellie Dunham and his fiddle. . . . Hereafter I play a lone hand. . . . I wouldn't mind this tooth aching so much but when it has to get the whole side of the head aching along with it. . . . Why can't it mind its own business, tend to its own aching and let the rest of the jaw alone.

I suppose if a person did die of toothache and had a nice funeral it would be all right for a few days, but what then? . . . Oblivion, that's what. . . . He'd be just a memory. . . . You have to stay alive and on the job watching your friends if you expect to keep from becoming just a memory . . . You have to annoy your friends; then they know you're around . . . You're no memory then, no more than a mosquito that gets into the bedroom at night. . . . Loving does no good; you must annoy. . . . Love never yet worked for more than four consecutive weeks at a time. . . . In order to get any respect or attention from your friends you have to keep them aggravated during seventy-five per cent of their waking hours. . . . Slip them just a trace of affection every once in a while and they'll be a damn sight more grateful for that than if you slathered them with an outpouring of *bonhomie*. . . . Be always at their beck and call and see what happens to you;

just see what happens to you. . . . Ouch! . . .
Could a toothache go on forever? . . . Oh, my,
suppose it could! . . . Oh, my! . . . Well, what
on earth do you suppose we have on this page! . . .
Well, well, of all things, another picture of Gene
Tunney! . . . Blwa-a-a-a-grrrrrrrrchk!

QUEEN MARY'S UMBRELLA

WHY should a queen have to carry an umbrella? If she got caught in the rain wouldn't there be a thousand loyal subjects at hand, each of them eager to rush to her defense with umbrellas? Queen Mary, for instance, has no chance of getting caught in the rain. Why, if it rained and Queen Mary was out in it, all you'd be able to see for miles would be Englishmen rushing to her rescue, with umbrellas up. The British cherish their royal family. No true Britisher wants any of the royal family caught in the rain, especially the King and Queen. They might not care if a few drops got on some distant cousin of the blood royal, like Lady Mountbatten, but even in that case if an Englishman were about he'd give his umbrella gladly to Lady Mountbatten rather than see a person of royal blood get wet. That's why I can't figure out why Queen Mary always has an umbrella with her when she has her picture taken. The umbrella is never unrolled and that's bad for an umbrella. An umbrella ought to be opened once in a while. It ought to get a chance to bask in the sunshine or to feel the sweet, clean feel of God's rain. Otherwise it languishes. Queen Mary never uses that umbrella, which means that an umbrella is

being wasted. There is plenty of rain in England, and there is work for every umbrella. In my opinion Queen Mary would be more truly the queen and would win a far more lasting place in the hearts of her subjects if she gave her umbrella to some poor family and just took a chance on getting wet.

LITTLE ONES AT THE PLAY

THEATERGOING is much more fun when the audience is mostly children. Accompanied by a trio of the younger generation I tottered recently into a theater to watch a magician give a performance.

As the performance went on I was struck by the difference between the frank, unrestrained behavior of the tots around me and the stilted hypocrisies of the crowd that flocks to a theater on an opening night.

When the little ones were not of the belief that the magician had made the rabbits really disappear they expressed their skepticism with admirable candor by shouting it at him from all parts of the house. A trained first nighter would have been more cautious. He would wait until he got to the lobby and even then make sure that none of the magician's friends were about before expressing disapproval.

When the lady in the brown tights went up and down the aisles showering chocolate candies upon the urchins there was one aggressive female about five years old who sat near me who was just edged out of a candy by another little girl who sat in the row ahead. The loser did not hide her feelings behind a smirk of pretended indifference, as an adult would have done. She just leaned over and socked

the other little girl a good predatory thump on the back of the skull.

It is a well-known principle of psychology that when a magician asks that a committee of gentlemen from the audience step to the stage to assist him in a trick, the impulse and desire of every man jack in the crowd is to troop forward. Plain, simple, normal exhibitionism. With the adult there is always a good deal of hemming and hawing and pretending reluctance before seven or eight males can be got on the stage. Yesterday when the magician asked that two or three boys come forward he was surrounded within one minute by at least eighty boys and a sprinkling of girls.

I was awfully sorry for the little girl in the rose-colored dress who tried so hard to be of help, without any success at all. Enthusiastic about the proceedings, she was not content to remain sitting in her seat during the performance (few of them were), she stood on it. There she was, tense, eager, waiting to rush forward at the slightest hint from the magician that he needed her help on the stage. But alas, whenever he called for volunteers, the boys, more agile, got there first. She was the most anxious of all to share in the shower of candy, but not one fell near her. When the magician flipped cards into the audience she practically ruined the toilettes of two or three assorted aunts, mothers and governesses in

her futile attempt to grab one. When he was letting the children pat the rabbit he had taken from the gentleman's coat she broke her neck trying to get to the aisle in time to get in a pat or two, but the magician had returned to the stage by the time she arrived. I lost track of her at the close, but I hope she got one of the balloons. If she didn't, I'm sure the East River claimed the body of a ten-year-old cynic, discouraged by the Futility of It All.

YOUR GARDEN

IN the early spring come the burgeoning days. You go into the cellar for a jar of preserves and if your eye chances to light on the potato bin it spies an odd phenomenon. Little white shoots are rising from the potatoes.

You wonder what this is about. You go upstairs, state the facts to your mother and ask her why the little white sprouts have appeared. Your mother refers you to your father, saying she is busy. If your father has any sense he tells you the truth, which is simply that it is spring and love has come to the potato.

Time then to think of the garden, if spring has come. If you can't afford a new garden get some friend to give you a cast-off garden. Wheedle a nice garden out of one of your wealthy cousins, but don't use up all your wheedling. Bear in mind that your Congressman will have to be wheedled out of the seeds without which the garden would be just so much dirt, like the conversation in the smoking car.

This is the time of year when the poor old Congressman comes into his own. Railed at, flailed, whaled, abused, reviled and scorned at all other periods of the year the Congressman is what you

might call seeding pretty when the spring comes. He sits in his Washington office, puffed with a sense of his importance, receiving the adulation of a constant stream of seed-seeking constituents. They sit on his knee and use all their blandishments to get the precious seedlings with which they know his pockets are filled. They call him "Daddy" and tweak his ears affectionately. They rummage helter-skelter through his pockets. Generally, under the stimulus of all this petting, the Congressman sooner or later begins to purr and disgorge his quota of seeds in a steady stream. Each year it is the same old story. The end of the seed season finds the Congressman mulcted of his entire store. His constituents have abandoned him in a hooting horde, rushing pell-mell to their gardens to plant their ill-gotten seeds. The Congressman is a sadder but wiser man and vows that next year not a seed will leave his pocket; but when the next year comes, it is the same story over again.

The wise gardener has, during the winter, set aside another little store of seeds in case of emergency. One can never tell and it is always best to be prepared. There have been instances of the sudden disability of a Congressman which have left hundreds of poor constituents absolutely seedless for months at a time. Therefore, during the winter the prudent gardener saves all the seeds left after squeezing

oranges for cocktails or he strips the covering of seeds from the seed rolls furnished by the baker. This is his reserve hoard.

He mixes these seeds with the seeds he has obtained from the Congressman and lets them stand.

Then he starts selecting the weeds for his garden. This problem is a bit more difficult. Weed seeds must be obtained directly from the Secretary of Agriculture. If he refuses to give you weed seeds you may appeal directly to the President, but this course is rarely taken. In less than one case out of a thousand will a President reverse his Secretary of Agriculture on a weed decision.

Let us say you have succeeded in getting enough weed seeds for your garden. You then take the weed seeds and mix them with the flower seeds. You are now ready to use the dibble.

The dibble is a very important tool. Gardeners use it to make the holes wherein the seeds are dropped.

Do not use the finger as a dibble. Many gardeners carelessly poke an index finger into the ground to make the hole for the seed. This is undignified and an unjust usurpation of the function of the dibble. Furthermore, the practice is a dangerous one. The gardener can never tell when some worm, infuriated at the disturbance of his domain and scuttering through the subsoil in search of some object on which

to wreak his vengeance, may come upon the recklessly exposed finger and attack it.

Dibbles come in sets, designed to make holes of different sizes. The gardener carries his dibbles in a sort of golf bag; or rather a sort of caddy sort of carries it for him. When the gardener wants to make a hole for a seed he first visualizes the seed in question, estimates the size hole it will take, selects the proper dibble and makes the hole.

This is the acid test of the true gardener for this is exactly where confusion is likely to come in. The seed must fit the hole, and he is indeed a skillful gardener who can go through an entire planting without having a single misfit seed. If the seed does not fit the hole it has to be sent back to the nursery at Rochester to be altered, and this process often takes days.

Care must be exercised in making the holes for seed planting. It naturally follows that the gardener can, by indulging in a mad orgy of hole-making, practically wipe out his garden. If he makes enough holes he will have no garden left—just one enormous hole.

Unless the gardener learns how to deal with the various insect and animal pests that infest the average small garden all his efforts are likely to be brought to naught. What profiteth it a man if he carefully till the soil in his backyard and then see his work de-

stroyed because he does not know how to deal with garden marauders?

The gardener, should, for instance, know how to cope with a herd of invading elephants. These clumsy creatures are the bane of every gardener's existence. They can reduce the average backyard to an utter state of disorder in less than a half-hour if given half a chance. (In an hour if given a full chance.)

If you have a herd of elephants and a neighbor who has spent pains and labor on a garden, have the decency to take such measures as will protect your neighbor's property from the mischievous antics of your pets.

If you have a garden and a careless or unscrupulous neighbor owning a herd of elephants, and you look out the back window one day to see the creatures disporting themselves in your asparagus bed, go calmly but quickly to your neighbor's house and tell him his elephants are in your asparagus bed. If he says "Yeh, what of it?" it is permissible to take the law in your own hands and bust him in the nose.

I do not think the average gardener need fear depredations from the hippopotamus or boa constrictor. Once in a great while a boa may become enmeshed in the cabbage patch and refuse stubbornly to be dislodged. In such a case the only thing to do is to entice the fellow from the cabbages by offering him food. Leave some unnecessary member of the

family, bound securely, just outside the garden as a bait and the boa will soon untwine himself from the cabbage stalks and make for the tidbit. Every family possesses some member who can be spared for an emergency like this. One's wife's brother, perhaps.

The most common garden pest is the cutworm. The solution of this problem lies in training the cutworm early in its career. The gardener cannot hope to cure the cutworm of cutting, for it is in the "nature of the beast," as Kipling says, to cut. A cutworm has a lot of spare time on its "hands," and naturally the first thing that occurs to it is to spend this spare time cutting. Like a surgeon turned loose in an operating room. But we don't charge furiously at the cutting surgeon. We don't leave poison around on cabbage leaves for him to feed on. No; simply by treating him with kindness and teaching him to trust us we regulate his activities so that in most cases his cutting serves some useful purpose.

Most of a cutworm's important impressions are received early in life so it is important that we reach him at that time and teach him that society's best interests demand that he cut, not cabbages, kale, salsify, radishes and other useful vegetables, but grass. Teach the young cutworms to cut only grass, and you have not only saved your garden from his depredations but you have gone a long way toward the solution of the grass-cutting problem.

SHOULD ADMIRALS SHAVE?

I HAVE been asked—or rather, I asked several people to ask me—to elucidate my theory of why there has been so much loose talking lately by admirals. I shall try to do so in as many words as possible.

I submit that the loose talking referred to is due to the beards or mustachios worn by so many of our admirals. I have no quarrel with sideburns, burn-sides, mutton chops or Horace Greeley fringes. Neither have I any objection to the average admiral's face or, for that matter, to his having a face. My attack will be directed upon the beard in all its phases and upon any mustachio of a size which would enable its fronds to get in the way of a speech leaving an admiral's jaw.

I shall now tell how I came to discover the truth about admirals' beards. One day recently while taking a stroll along the waterfront I noticed an admiral making a speech and having plenty of trouble with it too. He was obviously in distress, so I proffered him my services. The grizzled old sea dog was by this time practically in tears; salt tears out of loyalty to his native heath, the sea.

One of the principal features about this admiral

was his beard. It was lengthy, fulsome, sweeping, white and lacy. It curled and swept and tumbled in billowy cascades from what would have been his chin. It was here, it was there, it was up in front of his face, it was floating behind him, as it obeyed the caprice of every passing breeze. If he would only, I thought, attach slight leaden weights to its ends. Then it might hang decorously vertical under all weather conditions except gales, tornadoes, typhoons, hurricanes, simooms or monsoons. And if the simoom were a mild simoom, the beard, I thought, might even weather that without waving.

"What a responsibility!" I could not help saying, as I ran my hands through the silky fronds of the old gentleman's draperies. "Beautiful, but I don't think I should like the burden of caring for one. But that is beside the question. The question beside which that is, is: what, my good admiral, is the matter with you? Why these salt solutions coursing down those furrowed cheeks?"

"I don't know," he complained. "I can't seem to make it come out right. I'm trying to make a speech about peace, but it keeps coming out war. I want to advocate a smaller and more exclusive navy, just for sailors who really matter, but when I hear my own speech after it has left me, it says I want a big navy. It's been that way for weeks."

"Maybe your beard is haunted."

"It gives me a great deal of trouble whenever we're rounding Cape Hatteras," he admitted. "The strong winds down there, you know. It flies up in my face. Hinders my view of the course and also scares the crew."

"I should think you'd be afraid it would freeze on you," said I. "Imagine a beard like that, full of ice."

"It comes in handy in the summer time," he declared.

"What does?"

"The ice. We save it, and store it away."

"Well, let's go into this twisting of your speech. Perhaps I can help. I may have to ask you some personal questions. How about your sex life?"

"I am a sailor," he said, simply. "I have no sex life."

I then gave him a cursory examination and found nothing but a cyst, a scar from an operation or something, a slight systolic murmur, the diastolic being perfectly O.K., and a wallet containing \$150 and a faded picture of Susan B. Anthony.

"You ought to have that cyst out," I began, but at that moment a sudden gust of wind came along and the admiral's beard suddenly flipped up, raced twice around his neck and then started off in every direction. It was uncanny.

Then I noticed something. I noticed that with

every wave of the beard, innumerable tiny particles flew out of it, sailed merrily through the air and then sank to earth. Something moved me to run after one of these particles and catch it.

“Ho,” said I, “what have we here?”

It was a word. Seizing the admiral’s beard I examined it through a reading glass which I found in the beard, and discovered that the beard was packed with old words. I began to get a glimpse of what was up. I told him I was about to try an experiment and requested him to brush up on his speech. Separating his beard into two parts, I draped them over his head, down his back and then held them there. The wind, baffled at its little sport of playing with the beard, whistled furiously at me.

“Now make your speech, admiral.”

He did, and it came out clear as a bell, just as he had prepared it. It advocated peace, and practically no navy.

“I am at the seat of your trouble,” I announced. “Your difficulty is this: In making your speeches you have been sending a torrent of words gushing through the innumerable strands comprising your beard and these strands have proved a trap for many of the words in your speech. Thousands of words that you have spoken became exhausted by the struggle with the beard and never reached the outer air. Look. See?”

I plucked some sample words from his beard and showed them to him.

He indicated one or two, flushing as he did so.

"I never said those," he declared, "in a speech."

"Probably you said them when you hit your thumb with a hammer while fixing your battleship."

"That's probably it," he agreed.

"These imprisoned words," I continued, "have remained in your beard indefinitely. A word is very tenacious of life. It lives for years; for centuries, especially when nourished in the cozy warmth of a beard. Now you must also realize that all these accumulated words have mingled with the newly-arriving words as each new speech coursed through your beard. What happens? During the gale generated by your speeches, some of the words lingering in your beard from former speeches were inevitably wrenched from their moorings and went sailing into the outside world posing as parts of the speech then in process of being delivered. Do you follow me?"

"To the ends of the world," he said, tenderly.

"So that your speeches have really been hash."

"Hash?"

"Yes, hash. Portions of old speeches mixed indiscriminately with your new speeches. That's why they made no sense, and talked war when you meant peace. You should shave that beard, or give up making speeches."

"But I am an admiral. I must make speeches. There are the banquets to consider."

"Damn the banquets, Gridley," said I. "You should either shave, give up banquets, or—and, by Jove, here's an alternative!—have a lieutenant hold your beard behind you while you are speaking."

"I know a lieutenant who loves to hold beards," said the admiral, eagerly. "He used to be a beard holder before he went to Annapolis."

"Grab him, admiral," I said, "before somebody else signs him up. Somebody else with a beard, you know."

He nodded, understandingly and gratefully.

"Do it soon," I cautioned. "Don't lose a moment. Do you realize that some enemy, some spy, might creep up some time and hide a lot of strange words in your beard that would get you in trouble?"

He paled.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that."

"By George who?"

He thought that over.

"By George, I guess you've got me there," he said. "I don't know what George I say 'By George' about."

"Sloppy diction," I rebuked. "Lazy mental processes. Don't do it, my good man. Settle upon one George and stick to him."

"I choose George Herman Ruth," said the ad-

miral. "Before you go may I ask you one question? If, as you say and which I believe is true in my case, an admiral's beard is the reason why he talks so much gush, bunk and tosh, how do you account for Secretary Wilbur, who is clean shaven?"

In the interests of truth, ladies and gentlemen, I must admit that right there is where my whole theory falls down, and I guess I might just as well not have gone into this whole thing at all.

GROMMET TROUBLE

It is refreshing in this age of decadent tendencies in literature to stumble upon a work like the *Year Book* of the North American Yacht Racing Union, breathing as it does the salt feel of the ocean, or bounding main.

Now, I do hope experienced yachtsmen will not take amiss a few words of comment on their favorite hobby from one who is not a sailor. Well, that is understating the situation a trifle. I have had some experience, although by no means as much as a seasoned old salt like Vincent Astor, which may entitle me to open my yawp on behalf of the confraternity of yachtsmen.

For instance, when I was sixteen I got into a row-boat one day and rowed for fifteen solid minutes without moving the boat six inches from the dock to which, as I later discovered, it had been tied during this interval. In view of that experience you may well imagine the spell under which the chapter in the *Year Book* on "Ropes and Knots" held me.

I have also made several trips to and from Albany on the night boat.

To me, the most interesting chapter in the whole *Year Book* was that entitled "About Sails." I agree

with some conclusions reached therein, and with others I beg leave to disagree. Take the matter of the luff ropes.

“Luff ropes,” says the author, “are commonly made very heavy to prevent the prevalent custom of sweating up on the throat halliards as though one’s life depended on getting it up, from ruining the sail by stretching it all out of shape. If care were used on the throat halliard, luff ropes could be made much lighter, or even omitted.”

Fellow yachtsmen, would it really be wise to omit the luff rope? Has the time come when we may safely discard this old friend of the yachtsman? After all, yachtsmen are sportsmen and a sportsman is never ungrateful, and no yachtsman worthy of the name will be unmindful of what the luff rope has done for yachting. I insist we keep the luff rope. It was good enough for our grandfathers and it ought to be good enough for us, at least until with the advance of learning and science we get a suitable substitute. It will be time enough then to retire the luff rope to an honored position or perhaps make it into cigars to be given members of rival yacht crews on the eves of important races.

On reading along I find this:

“A very common fault is a tight leech, which can often be rectified by putting a small block of wood under the clew of the sail so as to raise it slightly

from the boom and bring it into a fair line with the grommets on the foot of the sail. A precisely similar treatment may be applied to the cringle at the peak. If this fails the leech may be flattened by ripping a few of the seams back a short distance down the leech and again sewing up, gradually tapering the seams toward the leech."

I should say that scheme would work all right unless you ran into trouble with your grommets. I suppose there isn't any of us yachtsmen but has had grommet trouble at one time or another. In the event of grommet trouble, if you don't feel quite up to going through the process described above, the following method of dealing with a tight leech may be of help. I thought it up one day when I had grommet trouble and a tight leech while traveling from the Battery to St. George on my ferryboat, the *John F. Hylan*.

This is my remedy:

Pay no attention to the grommets for the time being, but take the block of wood which would ordinarily be placed under the clew of the sail and hand it to the first mate, who we assume has been instructed in the proper care and handling of a block of wood and who therefore can safely be relied upon in any emergency calling for a block of wood. If a heavy sea is running, have it stopped or get to a quiet sea. If one of the guests on your yacht is playing a

ukulele, thus making you nervous, just give the mate the code signal meaning, "Go and hit that so-and-so over the head with that block of wood and take that ukulele away from him until I get this old leech loosened." Unless the guest happens to have a block of wood bigger than the mate's the latter usually returns with the ukulele and you can then tackle the problem of the cringle in comparative quiet. You take the ukulele and place it under the cringle. Then you stamp upon the cringle. Bear in mind that you are not to pay any attention to the grommets. This indifference will bring *those* babies around mighty soon.

We are now getting on quite nicely with the leech-loosening and with good weather and the right kind of a breeze we ought to be rounding a cape somewhere.

Now you come to the crisis; the moment at which you must make a decision that will vitally affect the future of the whole sail on which the leech is too tight. You must decide whether you want to go on with the loosening of the leech to-day, or whether it might be better to let it go until to-morrow, or whether the leech is worth loosening at all. There is a fairly considerable body of yachting experts who believe that a tight leech should be allowed to stay tight.

Or you may say to the mate, "Here, Gregory, you

loosen this leech and let *me* mind the block of wood.”

That is what I always do.

Although the tight leech is amply explained, the *Year Book* tells me nothing concerning the loosening of a tight guest aboard a yacht, or the tightening of a loose one. Yacht owners, especially during regatta weeks, are constantly faced with the problem of tight guests, or loose ones, or guests who are both loose and tight.

I have found two methods efficacious in dealing with the tight guest.

First—take a rope and tie it into a single Matthew Walker knot. Attach the tight guest to one end of the rope with a double Matthew Walker knot. Give the other end of the rope to a sober guest. Then lower the tight guest into the sea and signal full speed ahead. Caution the sober guest to remain sober if possible while his companion is being dragged through the waves, especially if the yacht happens to be in waters infested by sharks.

Being hustled through the deep in this manner is apt to pall upon the tight guest at first, but a great many become very fond of it and even when loosened refuse to come up. I have had yachtsmen tell me that extremely tight guests of theirs have traveled clear across the ocean in this manner.

If, however, the tight guest cannot bring himself to like the trailing method of loosening, or if sharks

take a fancy to him and nip at his frame as he courses through the briny deep in the wake of the yacht, he can be pulled aboard and my other method tried on him. This consists of putting a block of ice below his grommet and another one on his cringle.

I find the best way of dealing with loose guests who come aboard my yacht to be as follows: At the first opportunity I take them aside and in a friendly, paternal manner talk to them of their looseness, telling them that looseness never got anybody anywhere and beseeching them to mend their ways and live more Christian, Jewish or Mohammedan lives, depending on their religious convictions. Then I sing a little, press their hands in a brotherly clasp and give them a tract.

I wish I had time to go into the subject of signals, to which an entire chapter in the book is devoted. Some of them are wise, some rather foolish, I thought. For instance, Signal E F means "Am Afloat." Well, of course, after all, I couldn't signal you otherwise, could I, not unless I were Will Beebe. Sometimes I have moments when I think it would not be a bad idea if one *were* Will Beebe.

Signal E X means "Where can I get water?" Well, all I can say is, if a man sailing a yacht in the middle of the Atlantic, or even offshore, doesn't know where there's any water, he ought to be barred from the ocean before he does it some harm.

TWO TALKS WITH TWIGGLE

I

It was a winter day, when people's thoughts turn naturally to snow and ice, and it was therefore thought that it would be nice if the present writer got an interview on the subject from Joseph Twiggle, the dean of New York street cleaners. Mr. Twiggle has been a street cleaner for fifty years, and the snow and ice he has seen would fill a book.

Mr. Twiggle was in his study when I called. It was a charming place, the walls being literally covered with specimens of snow and ice he had accumulated throughout the years. There was a piece of ice autographed by President Grant in a glass case.

"President Grant slipped on that," Mr. Twiggle explained. "Here's a piece of snow that snow collectors have offered me quite a pretty penny for, but I wouldn't any more sell it than I would sell my right ear."

"Let me see your right ear, Mr. Twiggle?" I requested.

"Gladly," said Mr. Twiggle.

The ear proved to be in none too good condition.

"I think you're making a big mistake," I told him.

"I think the snow is worth more than that ear. You'd be a fool not to sell. After all, you'd have your other ear, you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Twiggle, "but I'm not getting any younger, and with one ear gone it would put too much work on the other ear. It wouldn't be fair to my left ear if I let my right ear go for a song, practically."

"Well, I admire you for that, Mr. Twiggle," I could not help saying. "It isn't everybody in these days that would care a whit about an ear."

"I do care a whit about my ear," said Mr. Twiggle, earnestly. "I have always cared a whit about my ears, and I think any man who fails to care a whit about his ears is a low-down ingrate."

"Well, where did you get this piece of snow that you say is so valuable?" I pursued.

"That is a memento of Ellen Terry," said Mr. Twiggle.

"Ellen Terry? Snow?"

"Yes. In 1885, when Miss Terry was playing in New York, she was walking along Fifth Avenue when a shoveler on the porte cochère of the Hoffman House accidentally shoveled a lot of snow on her from above. She was furious."

"I think she might well have been. To be shoveled upon from a porte cochère! Of all things!"

"The interesting part of it," Mr. Twiggle went

on, "was that that same shoveler later became known to fame as the late Sir Henry Irving. He was knighted for shoveling snow."

"I hadn't heard that."

"Oh, yes, that's an open secret."

"Well, it just goes to show you."

"Doesn't it?" agreed Mr. Twiggle. "Ah, there was snow in those days!"

"Do you remember the blizzard of 1888, Mr. Twiggle?"

"Do I remember it? I had charge of it."

"My uncle was out in it."

"He was?"

"Yes. My uncle was knighted for being out in the Great Blizzard."

"They offered to knight me," said Mr. Twiggle, rather curtly, "but I didn't want it. No titles for me."

"Well, nevertheless," I remarked, not wishing to get into an argument with the poor old fellow, "I still think you ought to hold on to your ear. It's valuable property, and the future development ought to be up that way. If it is, you clean up."

II

Joseph Twiggle, dean of New York street cleaners, went into training yesterday in preparation for the approaching season. He did a little road work.

Mr. Twigg has been resting at Miami during the winter. He is a bit heavier than he was last year but looks "as fit as a violin," as the phrase goes.

To the experts who watched him at the first workout yesterday the big fellow seems to have lost none of his old-time punch, aggressiveness or deftness with the broom. He did his road work on a quiet sector of a well-known boulevard. Two sample telephone directories were torn up and scattered in front of him, together with a quantity of fake confetti.

In less than two minutes Twigg had swept up the telephone books and the fake confetti.

"I am quite confident of the result of the welcome season," he told the reporters. "I never felt better in my life. I don't have those dizzy spells any more and my sciatica is practically gone. I had a slight wen on my back during the winter, but that is gone too."

Twigg parried questions relative to his reported engagement to Pola Negri.

"Miss Negri and I are just friends and that is all," he said. "These reports doubtless arise from the fact that I have been from the first one of the most ardent supporters of her boom."

"Has she got a boom?" queried an astonished reporter.

"Oh, yes," said Twiggie. "She's being boomed for President."

"How do you boom people for President?" queried one of the younger newspaper men.

"Oh, that would be a long story," said Twiggie. "I couldn't begin to tell it to you now."

"Yes, you could," said the youth. "There's no law against beginning."

"Well, you know what I mean," said Twiggie. "I could begin but I couldn't finish."

"But you said you couldn't begin and now you say you meant you couldn't finish. I am quite dazed," pursued the young man.

Twiggie cast a kindly eye on him and beckoned to a bouncer.

"This young man is quite dazed," he said to the bouncer. "Throw him out on his ear."

"Which ear do you want him thrown out on, mister?" queried the bouncer.

"How do I know?" cried Mr. Twiggie, pettishly. "Why don't you ever learn to think things out for yourself? Why do you bring all these petty little problems to me? What do I care which ear? The youth is dazed. I want him thrown out on an ear. Youth, which ear do you prefer to be thrown out on?"

"Neither ear," said the youth, loudly.

"Throw him out on neither ear, then," said

Twiggie, sternly, with a gesture, "and be quick about it or you shall pay dearly."

So this was done and the youth returned a moment later, smiling.

"It's really not bad at all," he said. "I rather like being thrown out on my ear."

"I knew you would," said Mr. Twiggie, "it's awfully good for dazery. You aren't dazed now, I'll be bound."

"Will you?" said the young man, anxiously. "Why?"

Suddenly the youth turned to the crowd, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Joseph Twiggie," he said, "is my friend and I want to say here and now that he will be bound only over my dead body."

Twiggie was so touched by this that he promptly promised to visit him some time and tell him all about how Pola Negri was boomed for President.

A GARLAND OF FRIENDSHIP

THE magazines just now seem to be partial to reminiscences of great persons, written by people professing to have known them. Apparently, any one who has spoken to Shaw, or Barrie, or Anatole France more than once, or who has ever received a letter from them, is entitled to call himself an intimate friend and write articles about them at ten cents a word for three thousand words.

Why then should I not market the absorbing story of my friendships with Henry L. Mencken, Al Smith, William Howard Taft and Dorothy Parker? I will! I do!

. . .

I first met H. L. Mencken in the winter of 1924. The famous editor and critic was having dinner in a speakeasy with Upton Sinclair Lewis. I was having dinner with Thomas Hardy, whose ghost writer I was at the time.

"Who is that man?" I asked Hardy.

"Upton Sinclair Lewis," said Hardy.

"No, I mean the one with 'H. L. Mencken, 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore,' embroidered on his shirt."

"Oh, him," said Hardy. "That's H. L. Mencken."

"Is THAT H. L. Mencken?" I said.

"Yes," said Hardy.

"So that's H. L. Mencken," I said.

"Yes," said Hardy.

Mencken and I saw no more of each other until the following Easter when I was attending divine service with George Bernard Shaw. I noticed a vaguely familiar figure in the apse of the church.

"Who is that vaguely familiar figure over there in the apse?" I said to G.B.S.

"Don't apse me," Shaw began, but then, recognizing the figure, he continued, "Oh, it's H. L. Mencken."

After that I heard no more from Mencken until June of last year when I had the following characteristically amusing letter from him:

"Dear sir: The editor of the *American Mercury* regrets to inform you that the enclosed manuscript is not available for his use."

How iconoclastic! How typically Mencken! Who but the playboy of American literature would have thought of such a daring, unconventional phrase as "enclosed manuscript"?

I shall always treasure my friendship with H. L. Mencken.

. . .

I first met Al Smith when I called with twenty other reporters to have a little *tête-à-tête* with him on

the subject of the St. Lawrence water power situation. Al Smith was somewhat different from Mencken. Smith, for instance, spells his name S-m-i-t-h, while Mencken spells his M-e-n-c-k-e-n.

Governor Smith and I hit it off from the first.

"What do you think of the St. Lawrence water power situation?" I asked him.

"I think it's great," he replied. "What do you think of it?"

"I think it's great, too," I said.

This common bond, this mutual admiration for the St. Lawrence water power situation, made "pals" of Al Smith and me.

I next saw him at Carnegie Hall, where he gave a speech. I applauded. He bowed. I liked him for this.

We corresponded. The letter he wrote me I shall always keep.

"Dear sir, [it read] In re your letter of the 12th inst., requesting clemency for your great-aunt, Julia Weskwoth (523879) sentenced to the A.P. (Auburn Prison, not Associated Press) for loitering, I regret to inform you that I am unable to do anything about the matter because—I am happy to inform you of this piece of news—Miss Weskwoth escaped from Auburn last Tuesday night."

We always thought it was fine of Governor Smith to understand Aunt Julia's point of view so nicely.

It was in Saratoga, N. Y., in the fall of 1908, that I first met William Howard Taft, then William Howard Taft. I was at the station selling papers when he passed through in his private train. Mr. Taft was asleep in his berth at the time but I took an instant liking to him, and I can say truthfully that William H. Taft has never said one word to me to destroy the faith and admiration that welled in the heart of that ragged little chimney sweep in the Saratoga D. & H. station that day.

I next saw Mr. Taft at the White House. I called on him with the fifty other members of the senior class of our high school.

The aide asked my name. He got it, and passed it along to the President as I took the latter's hand.

"Delighted, Mr. Solomon," said Taft, his eye twinkling.

He was joking; making believe he did not know me. I said nothing, but smiled. I like a joke as well as the next.

I feel that William Howard Taft has been a true friend to me and I shall always treasure the memory of my association with him.

. . .

Dorothy Parker! What visions that name conjures up!

I first met Dorothy Parker in 1905 in a canoe off Staten Island. She was resting, after the hurly-burly

of Washington life. Mrs. Parker was at that time Secretary of War in Roosevelt's Cabinet and had just concluded the Parker-Pauncefote-Hay Treaty which later, owing to the fact that several important commas and dashes were omitted (these commas being later found among Mrs. Parker's effects) caused the Great War, in which France, England, the United States, Belgium and Italy declared common cause against Dorothy Parker and Germany.

She was at that time not the petite figure she now is. She was six feet three in her stockings then and in that canoe I thought for a moment she was Jobyna Howland, but it was not until the following year that Mrs. Parker became Jobyna Howland. Worry due to the war caused Mrs. Parker to shrink to her present size, five feet. I have a letter, a dear, violet-scented letter from her, too:

"Dear Lousy, Can you come up for cocktails, terrible cocktails, to-morrow afternoon at five. I am having some literary figures in. If you can't come, would you mind going to hell for a little while?"

No matter what people say, I still think Dorothy Parker was the greatest figure the American prize ring has seen since John L. Sullivan, and I shall treasure the memory of my friendship with her all the days of my life.

THREE METHODS OF OBTAINING LOAM

IN the spring, to paraphrase the old adage, the young gardener's fancy "lightly turns" to thoughts of his "garden."

We all ought to have a hobby and happy he indeed who can lose thoughts of office, sales resistance and petty cash in the delicious feel of the cool loam of his kitchen garden as he toys with it in the fresh paleness of a spring twilight. There is nothing like the feel of cool loam to refresh tired minds, as the late Andrew Carnegie well knew. That shrewd Scot always kept a box of it in his office and whenever he saw any of his executives wearing "that tired look" under the eyes, he would say, "Have some loam?"

Now, we are not all Andrew Carnegies, but we can all have some loam. I admit that it is a bit more difficult for the average resident of New York City to adopt a kitchen garden as a hobby than it is for a resident of some rural community where loam is dirt cheap.

If the New Yorker does decide he wants a kitchen garden how then is he going to procure his loam? There are several ways.

1. *By inheritance.*

Under the law of escrow loam can be bequeathed.

There have been, however, no great loam bequests in New York City in recent decades. The metropolis must depend on the provinces for its supply of loam. There was a day when Manhattan Island was covered with loam which historians tell us was of a particularly fine quality, but when the British evacuated the city during the Revolution, they stripped the island of its loam so that the so-called rebels would not be able to raise the hoats necessary for the feeding of their horses. Hoats was an early American grain staple, used for feeding cattle. Later on, Luther Burbank separated hoats into two distinct varieties of vetch which he called, respectively, hay and oats. Naturally the American horses resented the shoddy trick of the British with great bitterness and did not forgive them until many years later.

2. *Loam may be procured by gift.*

Many authorities feel that this is the best way to get your loam inasmuch as it does away with the necessity of being nice to elderly maiden aunts rich in loam and liable to bequeath it to charity if not properly coddled and flattered.

It is perfectly proper for the would-be kitchen gardener to convey to his friends tactfully at Christmas time the idea that loam would be an acceptable gift. One skilled in the arts of conversation can always guide the talk to the subject of loam, and once there the rest is clear sailing. A sigh, and some softly

uttered hope that loam may be among one's Christmas gifts is generally more than enough of a hint to the friend with ordinary intelligence. But one must ever be on the watch for friends without ordinary intelligence, *i.e.*, dumb friends, and I don't mean dogs and horses. Due probably to the fact that some careless eugenist of the previous century forgot to turn off the Jukes family in time, the country has been flooded with extremely dumb people, and any one of these is liable to become your friend any day unless you are very careful.

Many extremely intelligent persons, however, are not good conversationalists. They are shy, or their bridgework slips, or for some reason they feel embarrassed when confronted with the task of carrying on a conversation. Now for the benefit of persons of this type, I have made up a little conversation which may help. Notice the deftness, the ease, with which the conversation is switched from a wholly alien subject to the subject of loam. Let us assume that a loam-coveter named Marie Bortikeff wants to impress upon a Christmas-gift-giving-friend named Alfred Dowden-Dowden the fact that she wants some loam for Christmas. They meet on Fifth Avenue, at Forty-ninth street.

He—Pardon me, but haven't we met somewhere before?

She—Sir, how dare you!

He—Oh, I'm sorry. I meant no offense. Please do not misunderstand.

He starts to go away, a thing upon which she had not quite reckoned. Taken aback, she changes her tack.

She—Oh, please don't go.

He, the minx, has quite a knowledge of feminine psychology, for he has not walked up and down Fifth Avenue nine years for nothing. He knows very well that by pretending to want to go, he will intrigue her, or, as some say, call her bluff.

He—Oh, I must, really. I'm so sorry. I thought you were somebody else.

She (*now thoroughly interested*)—Well, I am.

He—You am what?

She—I am somebody else.

He and she then sing:

“Oh, I've been looking for a girl (fellow) like
you,

“One who would always be to me so true.

“When I look into your eyes (nose, mouth, ears)
so pink,

“They needed a tenor in Heaven so they took
Caruso away.”

(*Now the conversation goes on.*)

He—You have the most beautiful eyes I think I have ever seen.

She (*deprecatingly*)—Oh, they're really not much, but they come in handy to see through.

He—I could care for you in a big way.

She—Oh, you men! You are all such incorrigible flatterers.

She taps him with her fan, coquettishly. In the distance can be heard the strains of the orchestra, playing the "Blue Danube."

He—How about coming to my apartment at the stroke of midnight to-night for a little supper? Here is the key.

She—You cur! You are a cad and a fellow! How dare you! Is it a Yale lock?

In the excitement of the moment her tippet falls off.

He—Ah! I have it! I recognize you now! Your name is Smith.

By this time they are passing Cartiers, and her opportunity presents itself, for in the window of this noted shop is a display of loam. Miss Bortikeff lamps it and her great violet eyes widen with excitement.

She—O-o-o-oh, look at that lovely loam!

He—Oh, come, let us walk on up to Central, Bronx or Riverside Park.

She—Oh, please, let's just go inside and price it.

He (*laughing, for he is a millionaire in his own right*)—Oh, well, I guess a fellow would have to be

pretty case-hardened to refuse a pretty pair of eyes like yours a little thing like a lump of loam.

So they go in. You see, at the start of the conversation there wasn't the SLIGHTEST inkling that loam would ever play a part in it, but it did.

Lacking relatives considerate enough to die and leave him loam, or friends well enough off to give it to him, the cityite ambitious to have his own kitchen garden can still obtain loam, simply by the process of making it. All you need is some oil of loam, some yeast, some sand and some gravel. Mix the sand and gravel well, add the oil of loam until you have a smooth grayish gravy-like mixture and then sneak in the yeast and run like the very devil.

THE IRON MAN OF WALL STREET

(An Interview with Pilate Noogle)

"MR. NOOGLE will see you now," said the Great Man's secretary. And I started for the ominous-looking door marked "Pilate Noogle—Private."

"Wait," said the secretary. She approached and scrutinized me closely.

"Let's see the ears," she commanded.

I displayed my ears.

"The hands, how are they?" pursued the indomitable young woman.

They were pretty well, I thanked her. And hers? Hers were also well, she thanked me. And mine? Oh, come, come.

"Better fix your necktie before you go in," she commanded, but before I had a chance to obey her pretty arms were at my throat and she was doing the fixing. The faint, intoxicating perfume of her dear hair entranced me. Her eyes caught mine and we both flushed hotly as an electric something passed between us. God! She was beautiful. And I—I was but a man. Before I knew it I had taken her in my arms. Her warm, lithe figure was pressed to mine and I was raining hot kisses upon her soft,

yielding mouth. I knew that Love had come to me at last.

I knew also that my mission was to interview Pilate Noogle, the Iron Man of Wall Street, so I dropped her and with a great deal of trepidation opened the door of Mr. Noogle's private office, went inside and then knocked timidly.

"Come in," said a gruff voice.

"I am in," I replied.

Pilate Noogle looked up and there was a suspicion of a smile about his iron jaw as he smiled.

"That's the spirit I like, young man," he declared. "The man who waits to be asked to come in is always the man who is punching the clock at forty dollars a week all his life. That's what I've always done: come in and then knocked. Look at me now."

I did as he requested. So this was the great Pilate Noogle, the man at whose slightest word thousands of magnates trembled. Physically a rather heavy-set reddish person, faultlessly groomed. A young face, despite two very long white fronds of mustachios, blue at the ends on account of having been inadvertently dipped into the inkwell so often. When Pilate Noogle gets excited he loses control of the mustachios and as he gesticulates in a frenzied manner, they lash about and frequently get into the ink. Noogle's ruddy complexion, and the mustachios in white and blue, give his face a red, white

and blue ensemble that has made him a great favorite at meetings of societies like the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"I see you came in with a great deal of trepidation," Noogle commented shrewdly as he appraised me.

I had not dreamed he had noticed my trepidation.

"Young man," said Mr. Noogle, not unkindly, "never come in a place with trepidation. Come in as if you owned the place. Remember what the poet said: 'For I am the captain of my soul, and I live down in our alley.'"

I liked him for liking poetry. It proved to me that there was a human side to Pilate Noogle, despite the stories of his utter ruthlessness.

"Tell me something of your utter ruthlessness, Mr. Noogle," I asked.

"Oh," he demurred, poutingly, "who in the deuce told you I'm utterly ruthless? I'm no such thing."

"They say you are," I replied.

"Well, I am not," said the Iron Man of Wall Street emphatically, "I AM NOT!" And suddenly, to my great surprise, he burst into a torrent of sobs. The secretary rushed in.

"He'll be all right," she said. "He gets these spells. Terribly cross lately. He's cutting his third teeth."

She applied spirits of ammonia to the Iron Man's nostrils and comforted him with those sundry cluckings, mooings and caressings that mothers use to soothe disturbed offspring. In a moment Pilate Noogle was himself again, the man of action, the Iron Man of 'Change.

He thumped the desk. His eyes flashed. The fronds of the mustachios went into the ink. He seized the telephone.

"Hello! Hellohellohello!!! Stock Exchange? . . . This is Pilate Noogle. . . . Noogle, N-o-o-g-l-e! The Iron Man of Wall Street. . . . I want a panic. . . . Yes, a panic on 'Change. Y'understand? A big panic, with columns in the newspapers and a run on steel. . . . Buy and sell General Motors. The reporters can quote me as predicting candled eggs will drop to forty-five cents a dozen by Christmas. Got that? . . . I want a good panic, now. That last panic wasn't so good. Understand? . . . All right. Good-by. Wait! Hello. . . . Say, I want a Congressional leak, too. All right. Good-by!"

He hung up and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. He could not help noticing the awesome admiration in my eyes. He laughed.

"That's the way I do things," he explained proudly. "I can have a panic on 'Change any time I like. Or a run. Or a Congressional leak. I never

drink, smoke or chew. Would you like to ask me to give you an autographed photograph of myself? Certainly you would."

With characteristic decision the great financier had answered his own question. He handed me a sepia photograph of himself inscribed as follows: "To Frank, in memory of many happy hours spent gaping at the Delaware Water Gap. Faithfully, P. Noogle."

Mr. Noogle told me something of himself during the interview. He was born on a Pennsylvania farm near Richmond, Virginia, son of an Iowa blacksmith and a Mrs. George Noogle of Battle Creek, Michigan, wife of the Iowa blacksmith. From his earliest years young Noogle had a passion for reading and was wont to lie hour after hour before the simple log fire in the Noogle cabin, reading by the light of a candle. This went on until the elder Noogle finally got sore and, addressing young Noogle, said: "If you'd put that candle out and turn on the electric light, you'd save yourself a lot of future eye trouble. I never see such a damn fool of a boy."

The elder Noogle's prediction was happily not to come true. At the age of thirty-two he ran away from home and went to Oklahoma, where he struck oil. Later on he went to California, where he struck vinegar. Saying nothing to the folks, the canny youth then cornered the lettuce market and in a

month had control of the salad industry in the United States and had amassed a fortune. Later he also acquired control of the vast endive mines of Montana, and in the struggle with the Krupp interests, wrested from them the control of the mayonnaise industry.

There were hardships for Mr. Noogle in the early days. Time after time, he recalled, he was caught in the rain without rubbers or an umbrella.

Mr. Noogle has been elected Governor six times, and is a man of the people. Aside from being international golf champion, the greatest emotional actress since Duse and the greatest home-run king since Babe Ruth, he is also the author of many literary works, including "David Copperfield," "Alice in Wonderland," and other successes.

THE TEMPTATION OF ANTHONY

A GROUP of us was gathered about the fireplace at the club over our after-dinner coffee. It was Jack Thomas, man-about-town, bon vivant, raconteur, noted clubman and cynic, who finally spoke up:

"Listen to this," he said with a chuckle. "It's from the program of Roxy's Theater."

And he read as follows:

"A REQUEST

"We, the attachés of the Roxy Theater, earnestly request our patrons to kindly refrain from offering gratuities for any services rendered.

"We have pledged Mr. S. L. Rothafel, 'Roxy,' that we will under no circumstances accept payment from his patrons for courtesies we enjoy extending to them.

"We regard the Roxy Theater as a university and place ourselves in the position of students seeking better understanding and appreciation of theater arts.

"Patrons of the theater are our guests and we place ourselves in the position of hosts.

"The offering of a gratuity will be mutually embarrassing because it will be refused.

"Being associated with Mr. Rothafel is a distinct

privilege and pleasure that we feel is sufficient remuneration.

“THE ATTACHES

“Arthur N. Palmer (Chief Usher).”

He finished. We waited.

“It’s rather touching,” I said finally, inasmuch as no one else ventured any opinion, “and it’s refreshing in this mercenary day and age.”

“Pah!” exclaimed the cynic.

“Why pah?”

“Because it’s sheer pish-posh,” Thomas snorted. “There’s not a movie usher anywhere but has his price.”

“I doubt that,” I challenged.

“You babe in the woods,” said Thomas, scornfully.

“All right. Prove it,” I rejoined, somewhat nettled.

“Egad, I shall,” said Thomas. “Will you wager me the little brown filly with which you won the Grand Prix against a magnum of champagne and my red hunting coat with the black velvet collar?”

“Done,” was my answer. We shook hands all around and had twelve brandy-and-sodas.

Thomas called Hawkins, the steward.

“Hawkins, get me a Roxy usher.”

“Very good, sir.”

In a trice Hawkins was back with a Roxy usher named Anthony.

"Welcome, little man," said the wily Thomas, hiding his cynicism for the moment beneath a well-simulated mask of kindness. "How are tricks?"

"Tricks are very well, sir," said the manly little fellow. "How is Trix Friganza?"

The laugh was on Thomas and to give him credit nobody joined in it more fully than himself.

"How ARE Trix Friganza, you mean," corrected Thomas.

"As you will, sir," assented the little usher politely, although it was easy to see that he remained far from convinced that Miss Friganza should be spoken of in the plural.

He had brought a breath of genuine Old World courtesy into the gathering. It stirred something that had long been dead within us, an echo of the days when gentlemen were gentlemen and the world revolved a little less giddily, perhaps. We all sighed and hoped that Thomas would lose.

"Egad," said Thomas, "but you're a bright little clip. I like you, boy. Here. Take this and buy yourself some candy."

Herewith the suave Thomas drew a half-crown from his pocket and held it out to the usher boy. A slight flush crept up the boy's face, rising on his right cheek, crossing his forehead and descending on the left side to his chin. He drew himself up to his

full five feet two inches and looked Thomas in the eye.

"Sir," he said, "we have pledged Mr. S. L. Rothafel (Roxy) that we shall under no circumstances accept payment from his patrons for courtesies we enjoy extending to them."

"Go ahead and take it," urged Thomas. "Roxy will never know."

The usher looked at the glittering crown. At this point Thomas shrewdly drew another crown from his change purse and placed it with the first. I said to myself, "Well, here goes the little brown filly with which I won the Grand Prix, Steve Donaghue up."

Mais non! (But no!)

After a second of wavering the little usher drew himself up again and said proudly:

"No, thanks. Patrons of the theater are our guests and we place ourselves in the position of hosts. The offering of a gratuity will be mutually embarrassing, because it will be politely refused."

"The devil!" muttered the vexed Thomas, losing his *savoir faire* (sense of well-being) for the nonce.

"As you will, sir," said the usher coolly. And we could not help admiring him for his *aplomb* (coolness), *élan* (dash), *politesse* (politeness) and *je ne sais quoi* (I wouldn't know about that).

"Here are five crowns," said the desperate Thomas. "Take them and shut your face and don't

give us any more guff about Roxy. Roxy will never know, I tell you."

This was a bit thick. I spoke up.

"I say, Thomas, old hen-coop, that's a bit thick, you know. It's not cricket after all, what-what?"

"There were no conditions," said Thomas, extending five crowns to the poor boy. Five crowns! They meant so many things he had long desired. A cricket bat, perhaps, or some snow for sledding, or a college education. After all, despite the many buttons of his ornate uniform this was a child we were tempting. I felt a cad and I was ashamed of all of us, the more so when the little fellow again started to draw himself up to his full five feet two inches.

"Wait," I cried, seized with a sudden remorse, and, rushing forward, I helped him draw himself up to a full height of five feet six inches, or four inches better than his best previous record. This gave him renewed confidence in himself, and with a great deal of vigor he again addressed Thomas.

"We regard the Roxy Theater as a university," he told him, "and we place ourselves in the position of students seeking a better understanding and appreciation of theater arts. Being associated with Mr. Rothafel is a distinct privilege and pleasure that we feel is sufficient remuneration."

Stepping proudly forward, the usher dashed the pieces of gold from Thomas' hand. They clattered

noisily away on the marble floor. I found three of them later, after prowling about the place on my hands and knees until nearly dawn.

"Curses!" hissed Thomas. "What sort of hypnotic power has this fellow Roxy got over these ushers?"

At length Thomas drew from his purse a great, shining golden sovereign and held it up to the poor child's gaze.

"Now, young man, you cannot afford to turn down this offer," said Thomas. "Think what this sovereign will mean to you. Money, fine clothes, social position, leisure, travel."

"At the cost of what, sir?" asked the usher.

"At the cost of nothing, my boy."

"Nay, sir," retorted the boy, "at the cost of nothing except my loyalty to the best, the finest, the truest Roxy an usher ever had. And, sir, while you, with your fine clothes and your sovereigns, may not realize it, a movie usher's loyalty to Roxy is the most precious jewel in his diadem."

From all parts of the group came expressions of "Bravo!" "Well said!" "Bis!" and "Bully for you, young son!"

Thomas the cynic was out to prove his point, however, and incidentally to win my brown filly, with which I had won the Grand Prix, Steve Donaghue up.

"Did you ever hold a sovereign in your hand?" asked Thomas.

"Never," said the boy; "but with diligence, honesty, perseverance and the like I hope some day to have that pleasure."

"Take this tip and you can have the pleasure now."

At the mention of the word "tip" the usher shuddered.

"Well," continued Thomas, "why not hold it for a moment and then give it back?"

"I see no harm in that, sir," said the boy, anxious to please and fearing that he had already offended Thomas. He took the proffered sovereign. Thomas, of course, was hoping that the boy would find himself unable to relinquish the precious coin when the moment came to give it back.

At the moment, though, a voice cried, "Stop!" We turned to behold a shortish, stoutish, baldish man with blazing eyes.

"Roxy!" we cried, with one voice.

"Mr. Rothafel!" exclaimed the boy usher, dropping the golden coin. Roxy advanced to him.

"The cashier will give you the wages due you," he told the usher. Roxy then picked up the discarded doubloon and handed it to the boy.

"You may find this filthy lucre of value, too," he said, with a sneer.

"Mercy, master," pleaded the boy, as he fell

sobbing upon his knees and seized the hem of Mr. Roxy's pants. "Please, I didn't! I didn't! I was just holding it for the gentleman."

"Just holding it," repeated Roxy, with a scornful laugh. "That's a likely story!"

"It's true, Rothafel," I declared, striding up to the great man. "The boy is honest."

"Your Grace will please keep out of this," said Roxy, politely but firmly, to me. "I saw him take the sovereign from the gentleman yonder. The boy must leave my theater forever."

Outside the snow was swirling down in biting, icy swirls. The Third Avenue surface cars were tied up.

"You wouldn't put a dog out on a night like this," I protested.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Roxy, and seizing a dog he put him out on a night like that.

There was no arguing with the man. I no longer cared about the brown filly. I was filled with a sudden hatred of Thomas.

"Well, Thomas, you cad," I said hotly, "I hope you are satisfied now. See the pass to which your unreasoning cynicism has brought this innocent lad. Take the brown filly with which I won the Grand Prix, Steve Donaghue up, and be damned to you!"

I took my glove and struck Thomas full across

the face. He then struck me full across the face with his glove and raised a hand for silence.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "I wish to say a few words, particularly to Mr. Rothafel. The boy is innocent, I am to blame. Up to a moment ago I was a cynic. I was the man who believed every movie usher had his price. I wagered with His Grace that I could induce this lad to accept a tip. These men about town will bear me out when I say that every attempt I made to corrupt the boy was met by him with unfailing, unyielding resistance. I used the power of gold, but to no advantage. He remained steadfastly loyal to the ideals which you, Mr. Roxafel—"

"Rothafel," corrected Roxy.

"I beg your pardon. He remained true to the ideals which you have instilled in all your ushers. As you entered the room I had just succeeded in practically forcing this coin into his grasp, on the stipulation that he was to hold it for a moment and then return it. He had no idea of keeping it, Mr. Roxafel—"

"Rothafel."

"Thank you. I hope you will believe my story."
I seized Thomas's hand.

"Old man," I said, "I was mistaken. I'm sorry I slapped you with the glove."

I was not ashamed of the tears that stood in my

eyes, nor was any man in that company. There are times when it is not unmanly to weep.

"Is this true, Anthony?" asked Roxy of the usher.

"Every word of it, so help me, sir," sobbed Anthony.

"Then forgive me. I was too hasty," said Roxy and with a glad cry the poor child rushed into his outspread arms.

"I have one more word to say," resumed Thomas. "I have been a cynic these many years. I now see the mistake I made. I am resolved to undo the harm I have done in so far as possible. Gentlemen, I am leaving to-morrow for Mesopotamia. There is man's work to be done in Mesopotamia, gentlemen, and it is there I hope to bury myself. Will you all join me at a farewell supper this evening? Will you come, Anthony? And you, Mr. Rothafel?"

"Roxafel," corrected Roxy, before he thought. "No, no, you were right. Rothafel is right. Why, I shall be glad to come, and I think I speak for Anthony, too."

The boy nodded a bright confirmation of his employer's words.

Since that memorable day Anthony has been a valued employee of Roxy, having been promoted so often that he now wears forty-seven buttons on his jacket. Thomas is still in Mesopotamia. I had a

letter from him yesterday. He is very happy in his work and says he sleeps under blankets every night and wishes I were there. I still have the brown filly with which I won the Grand Prix, Steve Donaghue up.

II. FESTIVE OCCASIONS

NEW YEAR

IN view of the advent of the New Year it is interesting to look back upon the origins of this feast. Originally there was no such thing as New Year's Day for the simple reason that there was then no such thing as a new year. There was no such thing as a year. I am speaking of the days when a great many men were still fish and those who were men had been fish so recently that they could not hear a peddler coming along on Friday shouting "Fresh Fi-i-i-sh!" without shuddering. But, of course, shuddering was then in its mere infancy. They didn't know what a real shudder was.

In those days the United States was pretty much one vast swamp. Man, as we have seen, was in the earlier stages of his development from the fish and had not yet jelled. The amusing result of this was that about a third of the residents of the United States was still fish; still classified as perch, trout, whales, bass or clams.

Another third was more advanced than the first third, but not completely evolved, and hence was half fish and half man. This situation was not without its amusing complications. Sometimes after the fish became a man, he felt a desire to go fishing, with

results that may be imagined. Even though social etiquette at that time was not the well-oiled machine it is to-day the early Americans, half fish and half men, were still sufficiently sensitive to the amenities to be embarrassed if on going fishing they hooked a pickerel that turned out to be their own aunt on the distaff side.

The other 40 per cent of inhabitants had definitely moulted and they were technically known as men although, truth to tell, they were nothing to brag about. They had none of the conveniences of modern men and women such as earrings, gold bridge-work, silver plates in the skull and toupees. They were not the comely, finely-molded, sensitive, intelligent, suave creatures you and I are. All these earlier Americans wore curious beards which sprung from every part of their faces and grew wildly in all directions.

If they did not eat with their knives it was only because there were no knives. The fork had not superseded the finger and the automobile had not superseded the horse, because there were no horses. It was terrible. If you wanted to get anywhere you couldn't go. There were no horses, the swamps made traveling well-nigh impossible, and anyhow, there was no place to go. If there had been, our ancestors of those days had nothing fit to wear. All that these immense swamps were good for was duck

shooting, but there were no ducks and no shooting.

So you can see why there was no year. Men were too busy with other things to bother with inventing the year. Time existed, but in bulk. It had not been squared and cut, like a pan of fresh fudge. In those days, also, time was rather young and not so snooty as it is to-day. Time was glad enough to wait for men then. But it's the way with all successful businesses. Once time got a start, it was a case of forgetting the old friends it had been glad to wait for in the old days.

Eventually the vast majority of fish who had any ambition at all became men and the backward fish were advised to take up some other line of work. Then, with leisure, came civilization and some Edison of that early day split time into years of twelve months each, starting on the first of January.

Hence New Year. It is a pleasant festival, although, if you ask us, the old year is generally plenty good enough if it be given a new coat of paint.

Well, America, with its immense resources of wealth, can afford a new year, even if we don't really need one. Let us give our old years to some poor European nation which can have them made over. Let's send them to Marie of Roumania.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

ST. VALENTINE is known as the man who invented love. We celebrate his day on February 14.

He flourished in the third century of the Christian era, under the Emperor Claudius. The Roman Emperors in those days were pretty tough customers and it was no easy job to flourish under them.

Valentine was born in Perugia, of Perugian but honest parents. The family name was a long Italian affair which if translated into English would mean something like "Bloor." The elder Bloor was a toga salesman who carried a sideline of ointments and unguents.

Young Valentine Bloor was a born inventor and was scarcely able to toddle when he started inventing. He invented a toddler. From that time on he was constantly inventing. His mother was kept quite busy running around the house after him, picking up his various little inventions. Finally she invented an invention to stop Valentine from inventing. It consisted of a leather strap, which she operated by hand. Properly applied to Valentine this anti-invention invention would stop him from inventing for a time, but sooner or later he was always up to his old tricks again.

In those days, of course, there was no such thing as love. It existed in a raw, wild state, but it had not been harnessed by man. Once in a while some scientist would arise and state his belief that a strange element corresponding roughly to what we know now as love did exist somewhere, but people always laughed at these fellows and called them impractical zanies.

St. Valentine was one of those persistent inventors you simply cannot squelch. He was in his garden one day when an apple fell on his head. That, of course, proved the law of gravitation and Valentine rushed off to the Emperor Claudius to tell him about the apple and gravitation.

"What's the law of gravitation?" queried Claudius, impatiently. "Who wants to go around having apples fall on his head? Go away. Stop this silly inventing and learn a trade."

Valentine was crestfallen for the nonce but undaunted in the end.

He got an idea. Taking a young Roman couple, a very fair maiden about sixteen and a youth with an aquiline nose, he decided to experiment with them. Claudius knew nothing about this. He would have been furious had he known Valentine was attempting to invent love.

Valentine took the boy and the girl and kept them in sealed jars until the first full moon. Then he put

them in a canoe, gave the boy a mandolin and the girl a rose and set them adrift. He followed in another canoe, waiting for developments.

The boy played the mandolin and the girl paddled the canoe, her head in his lap. (Her father had been an acrobat.) Valentine watched with bated breath and ere long he was rewarded. As the boy sang something about "moon," "June," "croon," and "loon," the girl looked up into his eyes with a languishing gaze, and the next thing Valentine knew the two were embracing.

Valentine rubbed his hands in glee. He knew he had discovered Love.

When the Romans tried Valentine's discovery they liked it pretty much, at first. But when they realized that the discovery of love meant there would be no more peace in the world they began to chase Valentine. In the end they caught him, and somebody who had been disappointed in love hit the poor man on the head with a large granite rock. Thus came to an end the career of St. Valentine, inventor of love, and therefore responsible for ninety-eight and one-half hundredths of the hot water the world has been in ever since.

A TWO-DOLLAR FOURTH

It is possible to have a simply glorious Fourth of July without setting foot out of the house. It is very simple and inexpensive. The entire celebration can be arranged for less than \$2 in American money.

A day's preparation will get everything in readiness. First, get a supply of the following articles: bugs, dust, heat, rain and hot dogs.

You will also need an American flag. It can be procured at very slight cost by taking an English or French flag, bleaching it until it is white and then dyeing it red, white and blue, with the red and white separated into thirteen stripes and the blue furnishing a background for the white stars.

You will also need a Congressman because if you plan an honest-to-goodness celebration you will have to have an oration. The Congressman can be procured by writing to your Senator at Washington a short time before the Fourth, inclosing ten cents in stamps and asking him to send you a free Congressman.

The bugs and rain are for the picnic lunch, which you will hold in the parlor. The bugs can be procured at a trifling cost at any good bug store. Be sure to hire a few bees or wasps because one of the

most mirth-provoking features of the at-home Fourth is the stinging. At the proper time during the "picnic" the bees are loosed and whichever member of the party is stung last becomes "old maid."

The rain will cost next to nothing. Take a gallon of rain, mix it with eight gallons of ordinary water and sprinkle it on the picnic after some one has made a noise like thunder.

The dust is for the "automobile" trip. By cutting down on her dust allowance for a week or two previous to the Fourth the housewife can generally save enough dust to supply all needs. If not, there is always some neighbor or kind friend who can be depended upon at the last moment for the loan of a sack or two of dust.

The celebration itself is most simple. The "automobile" trip takes place in the kitchen. Four or five chairs, decorated with tin, make a most attractive flivver and one member of the party, furnished with a rattle, can supply the rattling. There will be great rivalry among the children for the privilege of being rattler. From time to time whoever is placed in charge of the dust can take a handful and fling it into every one's face. Some one else can be elected to act as "Sunday driver." The children will get a great kick out of the pastime of inventing expletives and oaths to apply to this character.

After a half hour of this you will find that you

are getting every thrill you would get from a real flivver trip at a trifling cost and without stirring from your house.

Perhaps you prefer to take an "excursion" to Atlantic City. In that case the flivver can be easily transformed into a train. Borrow a few babies from the neighbors and equip them with chocolate candy with which they must smear every one sitting in the vicinity. The illusion is further carried out if a rack is placed above the "train," from which a suitcase loaded with bricks can fall on one's head from time to time.

You can have the Congressman's speech later and in the evening, at the close, during the make-believe trip home in the flivver everybody ought to be very cranky and cross and the children ought all to pretend to cry.

CHRISTMAS

IN Japan Christmas is known as Easter. In China it is known as Election Day, or Yong Kip Pur.

. . .

This is the time of year when we want to recapture memories of Christmases past by rereading that ever fresh Dickens' classic, the—the—oh, you know the one. As long as English is our mother tongue that tale will not be forgotten, with its recital of how Christmas came to the Wigg household.

Who can forget the description of Mrs. Wigg busily preparing for the glorious morrow, assisted with unwonted and tremendous gusto by a bevy of little Wiggs, or Wiggettes. Never have children been so suddenly and unaccountably industrious, it seems.

"Oh, mother," shouts little Fenella Wigg, "how happy I am when I think that father has promised not to come home tight to-night!"

And the cynicism of her sister Madge.

"Don't take any odds on pa not coming home tight," she advises.

In comes Perkin Wigg, "man of the family" at fourteen, who has stopped in McCloskey's place to

get a couple of "shots." He reports the presence there of Wigg *père*, blotto.

And the grand climax, when, as the family is steeped in gloom over the dismal prospect, Wigg *père* enters all in a glow and shouts cheerily that no Christmas tree will be needed because he is all lit up. At which sally every one laughs and they have a jolly Christmas, after all.

Dear old tale!

. . .

At Christmas time those who have should remember those who have not. One way in which we who are more fortunate can help is by saving our used Christmas trees for distribution among needy families. In cases where the husband and father is not working for some such reason as aversion these meaty old evergreens serve a useful end. They make excellent whittling material wherewith he may while away the long hours of the day until mother and the children get home from work to cook his supper.

Ah, the preparations for Christmas in a big city like New York. The bustle, the confusion of it all. Who said bustles had gone out of style?

How the spirit of it gets into one's blood! How even the most cynical is engulfed in the flood of warmth and good feeling that comes with the Yuletide! Old grievances are forgotten. People take on a kindly aspect. Faces that would be quite a trial

during other seasons, such as Lent, are quite possible now, suffused as they are by a kindly glow that softens the features which stray over their visages indiscriminately and not always in the best of taste.

What a good-natured, jostling crowd at the railroad stations, where New Yorkers are trying to get Pullman seats on trains leaving for their old homes. The rubicund ticket agent glows as you ask him if he has two chairs for Albany on the 12:25.

"Naw," he answers.

You love him for the cheery note in his voice.

There is much good-natured banter between people who are in line and others who want to wedge themselves into a place up near the head of the queue.

"Come on, come on, get back to the end of the line," cry those who have been waiting to the mischievous intruders.

"Aw, so's your old man," is the ready retort of the culprits, given with true Yulish heartiness.

Crowds everywhere and much gay picking of pockets. The poor pickpockets! They have to work like nailers during the holiday season. No wonder so many of them crack under the strain and start taking drugs in one form or another.

. . .

Something should be done, too, about the various poor families at Christmas time.

I know a poor woman, mother of sixteen children,

who worries terribly over the situation at Christmas.

"Look at them," she told me last Christmas Eve, indicating with a despairing gesture a pile of forty Christmas dinners in the corner. "What am I going to do with them? Where am I going to put them all?"

As she spoke charity workers came in with four more Christmas baskets and the poor lady swooned.

. . .

The day after Christmas is called Tidying-Up Day. It is the day when we must inevitably face the many problems that crop up after Christmas. Let us not shirk them but face them manfully, for that is half the battle, and half a battle is better than none.

How shall we get the drum away from Junior—the drum that Uncle Will gave him? Good old Will, always the kindly, thoughtful Will; always thinking of somebody else, always giving drums to Junior at Christmas. Let us all express our love for Uncle Will by stamping on him good and hard the first time we catch him lying on the floor.

We can't take the drum forcibly from Junior. We tried to do that Christmas before last, didn't we? And look at poor grandpa, still on crutches! We tried hiding the drum on Junior. We tried hiding Junior. The day after last Christmas father drove twenty miles out into the country with Junior, and after tying a good heavy millstone around his little

legs dropped him into Fisher's Pond, but he was back the next day.

How then to get the drum away from Junior, for we must separate him from it, else grandmother will be having delusions of grandeur, papa will become a manic-depressive, Cousin Elsie will be a psycho-neurotic, grandpa will get that feeling of impending disaster and I, who constitute the meal ticket for the whole gang, will not be able to escape a recurrence of the old dementia præcox.

Let us do the thing sensibly. Let us quietly and without ostentation pack Junior off to-morrow for a month's visit with Uncle Will.

Junior shall visit Uncle Will, taking with him his precious drum. But we must do the thing right. Suppose Junior should break his drum while visiting Uncle Will. Suppose one of Uncle Will's great big, hobnailed brogans should accidentally come down on Junior's drum. Junior without a drum? Horrible thought!

Our course is clear. We shall leave orders with the drum company to leave a fresh drum every morning at Uncle Will's while Junior is there.

. . .

To-day also sees the plum pudding restored to its hiding place in the attic, there to await the advent of another Yule. No accessory of the Christmastide

gets or deserves more of our affection than the old family plum pudding. Some of these puddings have done service in families for over a hundred years.

In "ye olden dayes" the plum pudding was often hauled forth at divers times during the year to do yeoman service in case some belligerent feudal lord attacked his neighbor's castle. Dropped upon the assailant's head from the ramparts of the beleaguered stronghold, the plum pudding, like the Northwest Mounted Police, always "got its man." Generally it could be recovered before it had rolled too far. Sometimes the head of the attacking Earl or Lord proved too much for the poor pudding, which thereupon broke. This was considered an ill omen, by the Earl.

. . .

The Standard Oil Company does not throw away its useless Christmas presents as it formerly did. A clever chemist in the company's employ discovered that useful by-products can be made from Christmas presents which formerly were considered fit only for the ash-heap, or to give to poor relations next Christmas. Did you know that eighty per cent of the coke consumed in the United States is made from Christmas cigars?

. . .

Save the wishbone of the turkey, too, and ask your friends to give you theirs. When you have gathered a thousand of these little trinkets you will find that they make an attractive little border for the kitchen garden in place of the old-fashioned clam shell.

*III. LITTLE TRIPS INTO THE WORLD
OF MUSIC*

BANJOPERY

JETHRO MOUNCE, a banjo player of Atlantic City, sued Michel Boulanger, owner of a lunch wagon, for \$25,000. Plaintiff stated he ordered a sandwich at defendant's lunch wagon and then asked for a fork. Plaintiff further stated that defendant became angered at the request for a fork. An argument ensued. Plaintiff stated that defendant hit him with a cleaver during the argument.

. . .

It is necessary here to determine two questions:

1. Did defendant-lunch wagon proprietor use cleaver on plaintiff-banjoist because latter had asked for a fork with his sandwich, or
2. Did defendant use cleaver on plaintiff simply because he was a banjoist?

The penal code describes a banjoist as "any person who strums, plunks, plinks, twinkles, picks or otherwise annoys the instrument commonly known as a banjo in such a manner as to interfere with the public weal."

In the states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, North and South Carolina, Ohio and Minnesota the penal codes stipulate that the very act of plunking or strumming a banjo is in itself, *per se* and *ipso*

facto, an interference with the public weal, punishable as such.

Other states, including New Jersey, where the present case occurred, are more lenient with the banjoist and in these states banjoism, or as it is sometimes called, banjopery, *i.e.*, the act of plunking a banjo, is not punishable unless malice is proved. Malice is hard to prove because the confirmed banjoist, that is to say, the banjo player who is so far sunk in banjoism that doctors hold out no hopes of curing him, is very canny and always arranges to have some one ask him to play. In that case the blame is at least divided and it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of a jury that the banjoist plunked deliberately.

In Idaho the law stipulates that "any person or persons who ask, plead, request, beg, order, command or entreat a banjoist to commit banjopery, or who otherwise plot, plan, arrange, desire or contrive banjopery shall be held as accessories before the fact and shall be liable to fine or imprisonment or both or neither."

Now, it is clear that in the main our laws are kind to the banjoist. This country has furnished him with a refuge, the banjo having been barred from practically every other civilized nation. It would seem therefore that common sense would tell the banjoist that he ought to be content with his lot, let well enough alone and not ask extra privileges such

as more butter, quill toothpicks or forks with his sandwiches. However, we are concerned here solely with the law and the law rarely has anything to do with common sense.

Before a decision is reached several points should be cleared up. First, has any citizen, even though he be not a banjoist, saxophonist, violinist or other questionable character, the right to ask for a fork with his sandwich?

Second, did plaintiff-banjoist have his banjo with him at the time of the alleged assault with the cleaver? This is important, for it may be that defendant-restaurateur, seeing the hated banjo and fearing that plaintiff was using the sandwich as a blind wherewith to obtain a fork with which he planned to plunk the banjo, lost his presence of mind and attacked the plaintiff in self-defense.

It is a misdemeanor in New Jersey to obtain a fork under false pretenses and if the fork thus obtained is to be used to plunk a banjo, the misdemeanor becomes a felony.

If the defendant, as alleged, attacked the plaintiff as a banjoist, no jury in the land will convict him.

If the defendant attacked the plaintiff solely as a fork-requester that is a different matter and the State should take action. The question of the custody of the banjo can be determined by the trial judge, who can plead insanity if he so chooses.

THE BASSOON

A SOCIETY woman plans to give a series of combination teas and bassoon recitals. We hope they are a success, but frankly we are a bit worried, for it has always been regarded as impossible to play a bassoon at a tea, owing to the danger of getting tea into the bassoon inadvertently. The tannic acid in the tea penetrates into the recesses of the bassoon and produces what would correspond to sciatica in the human frame. Only the bassoon is affected. Strangely enough, the bassoonist or, as the female bassoon player is called, the bassinette, can drink unlimited quantities of the tea but as soon as tea gets into the instrument the result is gurgling and, eventually, chaos of a sort.

Let us assume, for example, that somebody is playing a bassoon. Let us say it is Bebe Daniels. Now Bebe Daniels wants to play Handel's "Largo" on the bassoon and gives every indication of so doing, but there is a rival movie star, Lon Chaney perhaps, who comes along on tiptoe and pours a small quantity of tea into Miss Daniels' bassoon while she is not looking.

What occurs? The "Largo," which is an alkali tune, coming into contact with the tannic acid con-

tained in the tea, is transformed into some acid tune like "Yiddle, in the Middle of Your Fiddle Play Some Ragtime."

Some people there are of course who take a perverse delight in going about pouring tea surreptitiously into bassoons, and as a result bassoonists have acquired a sixth sense by which they are able to detect the proximity of a tea addict long before his spoor is discovered.

When the bassoonist gets the scent of such an addict he becomes greatly excited, rears and snorts, and then quickly hides his beloved bassoon in the marsupial pouch with which wise old Mother Nature has provided all musicians for the purpose of carrying their instruments in case of sudden attack from enemies of music. All musicians, that is to say, except piano players, bass violinists and harpists.

CLARINETECY

IN the matter of the deportation of Vincenzo Gentile, former clarinetist:

Defendant came to this country from Italy as a clarinetist in a band. Following a tour of the country with the band, defendant wearied of the clarinet and became a shoemaker. Immigration authorities, resenting this, brought deportation proceedings. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals sustained Gentile's right to remain here permanently.

In considering the question whether the Circuit Court acted wisely in this matter it is necessary to examine several aspects of the case:

1. Why should anybody want to remain in this country permanently?

2. What did Gentile do with the clarinet when he became a shoemaker?

3. Can any member of the Circuit Court play a clarinet? If so, the whole thing is *non vult* and *absque hoc*.

4. Is there a clarinet player ready to take the place of Gentile in case there should arise a national emergency calling for clarinetecy, as the manipulation of a clarinet is known legally?

This last is very important for a nation cannot

have too much clarinetecy of the right sort if the nation is going to be the right sort of nation with the right sort of clarinetecy. Correct clarinetecy is music of a most amiable tone, being a kind of gentle, dulcet toodleoodleodding in an ascending or descending scale depending on the mood of the clarinetist, who generally works in coöperation with the composer.

This coöperation is most important, and it is why clarinetists are trained to like insofar as possible the composers whose music they may be called upon to play at one time or another. In other words, the clarinetist must be "*simpatico*" to or with the composer, and the latter must be "*simpatico*" to or with the former. If such is not the case the clarinetist, nettled by the compulsion to play the works of a composer who makes the hair stand up on his neck, is apt to embark upon a veritable orgy of clarinetecy, pouring uncontrolled notes into the instrument in a perfect frenzy of rage.

It is difficult for the layman unacquainted with the complicated mechanism of a clarinet to imagine how this flood of notes affects the poor instrument. The mad tones, surging and resurging through the clarinet, work such havoc upon it that it is quite apt to explode unless a clarinetologist is quickly summoned and a deft clarinetectomy performed. Clarinetectomy is the removal of sour notes from the instru-

ment. It is a delicate operation, often accompanied by a series of unheard-of noises that would be comical were they really not so annoying.

If the clarinet explodes, the clarinetist is quickly brought to his senses. Seeing the ruins of his beloved instrument lying about scattered to the four winds, with pieces perhaps imbedded in the frames of important and influential society persons in the audience, the clarinetist is plunged into the deepest grief and has to be watched carefully for a period of months lest he (*a*) commit suicide or (*b*) take up the study of the violin in despair.

America must have clarinetists, however, and that is why the wise Circuit Court acted as it did in the case of Gentile. Doubtless the court saw fit to humor this whim of his about shoemaking, hoping against hope that some day he will give his thumb a good bang with his shoemaker's hammer and then return, in a fit of pique at shoes, to his proper sphere, the playing of the clarinet.

FIDDLING PAR EXCELLENCE

A HEALTHFUL and pleasant way of spending a Sunday afternoon is to attend one of Jascha Heifetz's concerts. For one thing, I wanted to see what effect the virtuoso's trip around the world had had on him. Heifetz had recently circled the globe in two years. The moon circles the earth in twenty-nine days, but those critics who carp at Heifetz for this are hardly fair, in my opinion, because he had to carry a Stradivarius, an accompanist, a manager and a spare Strad in case the other one developed arpeggio trouble. The moon travels much lighter.

It was 3:15 P.M. when Heifetz stepped briskly to the center of the stage, greeted by salvos of applause which had previously been distributed by those aggressive young women who seize one at the entrances to Carnegie Hall and conduct one inexorably to one's seat. Heifetz was calm, imperturbable and completely master of himself. He wore a cutaway. A frock coat is liable to get caught in the violin. Following him was Isidor Achron, his pianist, and there was also another gentleman who turned the pages of Mr. Achron's music as occasion demanded, and who ran errands and did other little odd jobs that cropped up as the concert proceeded.

Achron struck a chord. Heifetz retorted with a deft little plunk in the same key. Achron struck another chord, rather defiantly, and Heifetz went through a series of plunkings, then gazed triumphantly at Achron. The piece, while brief, was very pretty. It was played in the key of A, and a good, reliable key A is, too.

A uniformed attendant came in with a basket of flageolets, arpeggios, harmonics and pizzicatis. As he played, the young maestro dipped into the basket, selected what he wished and placed it on his Strad, where, under the influence of the friction created by the rubbing of his bow, it quickly melted into music.

By this time, Heifetz had found the exact spot in his neck where he wanted the violin. He plays in the old-fashioned manner, holding the instrument against his neck with the left hand, playing with the right. I liked him for this. I disapprove strongly of the new-fangled practice of the neo-modernist violinists who play the instrument by holding it above the head with the right hand, using the left to manipulate the bow. That method is bad for the violin, the audience and the virtuoso. The notes emanating from a violin held over the head fall down, strike the violinist's head and then either get lost in his hair or rebound, clashing with other notes coming down. The combined notes then speed forth

into the auditorium in a sad state of confusion, causing Na^2So^4 .

I admired Mr. Achron, too, for sitting at the piano while playing, instead of lying on top and playing from above, as some of the younger school of pianists do.

Mr. Heifetz played a good deal of charming music and a good deal of Bach. Mr. Achron stuck to the piano during the pleasing Glazounow Concerto, and the "Estrellita" (Ponce-Heifetz), but when Mr. Heifetz started playing Bach, Achron deserted his post, rather basely, I thought, and left his colleague to struggle through it alone. An accompanist should be an accompanist through thick and thin, and not a fair weather accompanist, ready to desert his violinist at the first note of Bach. Achron may be repelled by Bach as much as I am but was it cricket of him to go out and get some Bacharbonate of soda while Jascha stayed on the firing line playing the fuga, *molta moderato*, from the fifth Bach sonata?

I predict a brilliant future for Heifetz. Unless I am greatly mistaken, in two years he will be strong enough to tackle a cello, and if he exercises, watches his tobacco and liquor and keeps regular hours, I venture to prophesy that before he is forty he will be able to swing a bass viol. There is a great future in the bass viol.

THE KETTLEDRUMMER

THE kettledrummer is the power behind the throne in any symphony orchestra. All the great symphonies of Brahms, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and the others are based upon the kettledrum.

Every symphony is founded upon what is called a motif. A motif is made up of a certain number of bangs on a kettledrum, arranged in various fancy ways to suit the individual whim or talent of the composer.

Now, a kettledrummer is the only man in a symphony orchestra who has no notes to guide him. It is entirely up to him when to bump his instrument. No part has been written for him. There is always an easel in front of him, bearing what seems to be a sheet of music, but any musician knows that that sheet of music is blank! It's put there because the kettledrummer would attract too much attention if it weren't there. That would make the conductor jealous.

The kettledrummer must be a man of infinite discretion and tact; a fellow who always has his finger upon the pulse of public opinion. He must know instinctively which way the crowd is going to jump, and it is his duty to know the psychological moment

when he ought to thump the kettledrum. What are those moments? One is the moment—it comes at some time during nearly every symphony—when the audience is in danger of falling asleep. Instantly the kettledrummer must be on his feet, thumping away wildly, making such a racket that the audience is promptly startled from its lethargy. This is why the kettledrummer has so much to do in Wagner.

What other function has the kettledrummer? A very important one. His is an ear that must be attuned perfectly to every sound emanating from the instruments of his colleagues and at the slightest indication that any of his fellow symphonists is off the key the kettledrummer must be agog in an instant, banging away at his tympani so the noise will cover the erring brother's defection and the public will never be aware of this blot on the orchestra's 'scutcheon. Because an orchestra, like a soprano, should be in key at least fifty per cent of the time. That is to say, fifty per cent of the time they are playing for the public. What they do in private is their own business.

When aroused, the kettledrummer is no man to trifle with. He has his moments, as I discovered during a concert one night when Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture was on the program.

The music was going along very smoothly. No trouble, no friction, no one musician at odds with

another. Everybody sawing away contentedly by himself, glancing up occasionally and looking at the conductor, as if to say, "What, you still here!"

The kettledrummer was standing at his post quietly enough, listening to the music and probably enjoying it, although one would get no hint of that from his impassive visage. They had got to a point where the toughest part of the job was over. The lines of relief could be seen plainly in the conductor's back, which seemed to say "Well, that's over. It won't be long now."

Then something happened that made the kettledrummer mad. What it was I don't know, but suddenly he seemed to grow infuriated. He wheeled from the kettledrums, which he had been quietly fondling, and seized the thumper. Then, without so much as a nod or bow to the conductor, he began to thump the kettledrums. Boom, boom, boomity, bomp, boom, *Boom!* Bompity BOMP!! B-r-r-r-mp BOOM!

It was magnificent. The man was here, there, everywhere. The place was flooded with booms. They rolled over the auditorium and landed in the customers' laps. They boomed across the hall, hit the opposite walls and rebounded. Booming their way back home to their natal instrument they bumped into oncoming booms and shattered into a thousand tiny boomlets.

The flutes and the violins were drowned. The conductor, having failed to overawe the kettledrummer by glaring at him and making snoots, egged the other instruments on. They responded nobly, poor fellows, and worked like nailers, but no use. Above them all could be heard the deep booming of the kettledrummer, rolling and falling, rising and receding, like a bowling alley having a fight to a finish with a heavy surf.

It was the kettledrummer who held out longer. The conductor finally gave up the unequal contest and, as a gesture of surrender, poised his baton in the air for a moment and then lowered it with a vicious swoop. Instantly there was silence, save for the subdued rumbling of booms still trying to find their way back to their kettledrum. The drummer had stopped whacking the kettledrum when the rest of the musicians stopped. Obviously he was contented with the conductor's gesture of surrender, or it may have been that his better self overcame his spirit of mischief and he decided it was not playing cricket to spoil the other fellows' game like that.

"Wasn't that a magnificent gesture of rebellion?" I couldn't help remarking to a stranger who sat beside me—a little blonde girl.

"It wasn't a gesture of rebellion," she said, stiffly. "It was part of the 'Romeo and Juliet' overture. If

he hadn't drummed that way he would have been fired."

She must have been joking. You couldn't convince me that that incident was scheduled on the program. Well, I was glad to see the kettledrummer stand up and declare himself. It might do the violinists good if they did the same thing. What beaten creatures violinists are! You can't tell one from another. They all play the same notes, in exactly the same time, and the bows go up and down with everlasting precision and monotony. The violins are the Tiller boys of the orchestra. The wonder is that the eternal monotony of the thing hasn't ever affected a violinist, setting him stark mad in the middle of a sonata and causing him to draw his bow *down* at a moment when all the other violinists are drawing their bows *up*. Imagine the upset in the world of music if a violinist perpetrated a sacrilege like that!

THE ZITHERIST

LATE in November I gave the stationer a brisk order for my cargo of Christmas cards.

"Engrave them nice, now," I told him. "Fix them up pretty with holly and mistletoe."

"And candles?" suggested the stationer.

"Candles to be sure. And a boar's head."

"And evergreens? Shall I add evergreens?"

"Evergreens by all means."

"And Christmas waits, sir?"

"Oh, dear old Christmas waits! Dress them in ruffs and colored hose and shoes with long pointed toes."

The stationer's eye was bright as he jotted down the specifications. Here was the Christmas card he had been wanting all his life to make.

"Shall the waits be strumming lutes or viols, sir?" he asked.

"Both, man, both! Don't spare the horses. Christmas comes but once a year. Put in a piano, too."

"In an Elizabethan Christmas card, sir?"

The stationer raised his eyebrows in polite surprise. I saw I had erred.

"Well, make it an Elizabethan piano."

He coughed embarrassedly.

"I suggest, sir," he purred, "that you make it a zither. I can do you a nice zither and I'm sure a zither would be apropos. I shall look it up, however, before I proceed."

"Well, you do as you think best. I am not averse to a zither. Of course, I hold no brief for the zither."

"Oh, I quite understand that," said the stationer, "but I do always say that nothing sets off a bunch of Christmas waits like a zither or two."

The fellow had a peculiar glint in his eye that made me suspicious.

"By the way," I demanded, "do you play the zither?"

He could not look me in the eye.

"Come now, 'fess up. You do play the zither, don't you?"

A tear stole down his cheek.

"Ah, sir," he began, "I was so young at the time. I had just come to New York. There in a shop window, I saw a zither. I didn't know . . ."

I put an arm about him.

"There, there, old man. Don't take it so hard. You can put the zither in the Christmas card if you like. I suspected you were trying to spread zither propaganda by the way you acted, and at first I was inclined to be harsh with you. But it's Christmas,

and beside, you can't help being a zitherist."

"I harm nobody but myself, sir," the poor fellow sobbed.

"You're a chump to do it," I told him warmly, for there was the suspicion of a tear on my own cheek now. "Haven't you got enemies you can harm? Aren't there people you don't like?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

"Well, then, why don't you go play your zither under their windows at night and annoy them?"

"I never thought of that," he said, brightening.

"The idea is my Christmas gift to you, and by the way, would you consider hiring out for zither playing?"

"I hadn't, but I might."

"Well, after the holidays, I'd be glad to have a serious talk with you. There are a lot of people I'd like to have zitherized, and I think you're the man for the job."

"And to think," said my stationer, joyfully, "that a moment ago I was heartbroken because you had unearthed my secret."

"C'est ça" (That is that), I responded. "Now, will you have room for snow in my Christmas card?"

He wasn't so sure about that.

"I suggest," he said, "that you have no snow and add a little legend to your card saying that it was a green Christmas."

"No, I want snow. A green Christmas means a fat churchyard."

"If you have snow something will have to come out."

"Then take out the zither."

He paled and would have swooned.

"Oh, leave it in then," I said, petulantly, "but next Christmas you either get over this zither infatuation or I take my business to a non-zitherist."

He did not hear me. He had been working busily at the blueprints of my Christmas card, making rapid calculations.

"It's all right!" he fairly shouted, "I can get the snow in, and the zither, too! Hurray!"

He seized me about the waist and danced me about the room.

"Oh, let us sit this one out," I suggested, for he danced terribly. "You dance divinely."

"You are looking wonderful to-night," he murmured.

"Make it nice snow, now," I reminded him. "Don't have old cigarette butts and pieces of paper in it."

He promised not to.

"And no slush," I stipulated.

"Oh, you wouldn't have room for slush anyhow," said the stationer.

"Well, I wouldn't want to have room for it."

Of course, when the cards were delivered there *was* slush in them, the snow—what there was of it—*was* full of cigarette butts and he had got three zithers in, somehow. Engravers will be engravers, I suppose.

*COFFEE FOR TWO, CORNETS
FOR NOBODY*

AT 9 o'clock yesterday morning I started to dream that a procession of people was passing, and as each participant reached the reviewing stand he stepped up and whistled a note or two in my ear.

It seemed odd until sleep began to dissolve, the procession faded, and by degrees I realized I was awake and that the fellow with the flute was down in the court again.

I sprang out of bed, pretty angry, and leaned out the window.

"Flutist!" I cried.

He stopped and looked up.

"You go 'way from here," I yelled. "You take your damned flute and go 'way from here and don't be disturbing people at this hour of the night with such a din."

"I don't make dins," he said, gently.

I felt just a little ashamed at having been so harsh.

"No, maybe not quite that," I told him, "but you ought to have a little consideration. You ought to realize that there is a time and a place for playing a flute. People don't want you coming around wak-

ing them up at an hour like this playing on some old flute."

"I brought the flute," he said still more gently, "because I thought the cornet would be too loud."

"What! You play a cornet?"

"Oh, yes."

I shuddered.

"But you seem such a regular fellow. Did I really understand you rightly? Did you say you played a cornet?"

"Since I was sixteen. That is why I am a wandering minstrel, a stray songster seeking to bring a little melody into the lives of such as you. You see, I have no home."

"Oh, your people put you out on account of the cornet."

He admitted as much.

"You really preferred to give up home and family and social position rather than part with your cornet?"

"It means more to me than life itself."

"Well, difference of opinion is what makes horse races, of course, but I think—I really do think—that the cornet is just about as terrible an instrument as there is in the band. I'm sorry, but I really do."

He bowed politely, making no attempt to reply to my allegation. I half wished he would, because I was feeling rather a boor.

"It was nice of you, just the same," I went on,

in the slightly hurried tone an embarrassed man assumes, "to bring your flute instead of your cornet."

"That's quite all right," he said. That look of wistful sadness! The drooping shoulders—the utter weariness of them! God, I hoped I might never again see a man who had given up home and friends for a cornet.

"You're sure you wouldn't feel better if you threw your cornet away and stamped on it?" I ventured.

He only smiled, a pitying sort of smile. I blundered on.

"If you haven't got the heart to do it," I told him, "I will gladly. It isn't anywhere near time for me to get up, but if you'd like me to crush your cornet I'll dress in a jiffy and go along with you and do it. I can, you know. I once stamped a B-flat cornet into a twisted mass of metal."

"Thanks," he declared, "I prefer you didn't stamp on my cornet."

His voice was almost breaking. I felt like a brute.

"Of course," I went on, "that time I stamped on the B-flat cornet I was in a rage, an anti-cornet rage. I didn't know what I was doing."

"I know," he said, "it's fairly common. I've often had to fight anti-cornetists away from my cornet."

I decided to make no more attempts to wean him

from his cornet although I felt sure it was a false sense of loyalty that made him stick to it.

"Well, I guess I'll be going," he said. "I'm sorry I bothered you with the flute."

He started away, and the sight of that drooping back simply got me.

"Great heavens," I thought, "I'm sending him away—to what? Back to that cornet, perhaps."

"Wait!" I cried. He turned.

"Don't mind what I said when I told you to go away," I told him, laughing. "You know how people are when they first get up. Won't you play something? Do you know that piece, 'Whistler and His Dog,' or 'Whistler and His Cat'? I forget the exact name, but Whistler was in it, and with some animal. Arthur Pryor played it."

He brightened, and played the piece requested. It had rather a lilt. In the meantime my man had brought coffee and after a cup of it I felt less at odds with the world.

"Will you have a cup of coffee?" I asked the flutist.

He said he would. He held up the wide end of his flute, keeping the other in his mouth, and I poured a cup of coffee into the flute two stories below. It coursed through the instrument, eliciting a succession of chords that were really not unhar-

monious, and it lodged finally in my new friend's throat.

"Sugar?" I inquired.

"Two lumps." I threw him two lumps of sugar.

"Cream?"

"If you please."

"Ha!" he exclaimed as he finished the coffee. "I feel better."

"Play something from Victor Herbert," I requested.

"Shall it be 'Kiss Me Again'?" he asked.

"Ah, I love that old favorite," I said, tenderly. "If only Fritz Scheff were here to sing it—Fritz the petite, with her pompadour, high heels and wasp waist, as she was in 'Mlle. Modiste.'"

"You want Fritz Scheff?" asked my flutist friend.

"She is probably miles away," I said.

He motioned for silence. Then quickly donning a magician's black robe, he waved a wand in the air three times and then yelled "Fritzi! Yoo-oo, Fritzi!" A moment later Fritz Scheff appeared in the courtyard.

She sang "Kiss Me Again," and then the three of us had more coffee. Under its influence I warmed further.

"Cornets aren't so bad," I finally conceded.

"You really think so," said my friend, brightening fully two hundred per cent, "because if you do, I

have mine with me, tucked underneath my coat."

That brought me to my senses with a jolt.

"You get out of that courtyard," I shouted, and jumping from the window I started to chase the miscreant, but he got away.

Cornet, indeed!

FINISHING THE "UNFINISHED"

THE plan to finish the so-called "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert has not met with the universal approval that was expected. It seems to have divided music lovers sharply.

Those in favor of finishing the symphony do so for one or more of the following reasons:

1. It will provide work for unemployed musicians.

2. Schubert was neat in his habits and the thought of one of his symphonies lying about unfinished for a century doubtless goes against his spirit's grain.

3. A symphony ought to be finished, anyhow; otherwise young musicians get the idea that they can shirk.

Those against finishing the symphony give the following reasons:

1. It *is* finished.

2. Even if it weren't, what of it?

3. Finished or not, it was good enough for our grandfathers and what was good enough for them ought to be good enough for us.

4. If somebody does "finish" it, how are we to know it actually is finished? What's to prevent some other musician from coming along the very next day

and claiming that it is not finished at all, and that *he* will finish it? This sort of thing could go on indefinitely and would be terrible.

5. It shouldn't be finished with new music anyhow. There's lots of used music lying about that ought to do plenty well to patch it up.

6. It will provide work for unemployed musicians. That's just the trouble! There is too much employment among musicians already.

In considering the situation pro and con we first must ask ourselves the question, "When is a symphony finished?" Here you have a difference of opinion immediately, for this is a question that lovers of music, or "the sport of kings" as it is sometimes called, never tire of discussing.

There are various opinions. One group will stoutly aver that a composer can finish a symphony at any given note following the start and will they care? They are known as the "Will They Care?" party. Another group insists that a symphony is not finished until the composer has written enough music to furnish an orchestra with two hours' steady work. This group is composed almost entirely of musicians who play on time. They are known as the "On Time" party, as opposed to the "Not On Time" party (composed of musicians who play *off* time) and the "Pieceworkites," or musicians who play by piecework.

Then there is the Extreme Right, or Diehards,

who go even farther than the Willtheycareites in their opposition to symphonies. The Diehards believe that the proper time to finish a symphony is a minute and a half before it starts. It used to be three minutes but it was reduced during the wave of toleration that swept the music world after the war.

The Diehards believe that any means is justified in preventing a symphony and they do not hesitate to resort to all kinds of sabotage. They bother composers in a thousand little ways. They wait until they are sure he has got nicely working on his symphony and then ring him on the telephone. In nine cases out of ten the telephone does not ring in the same key in which the symphony is being composed, so that the resulting dissonance throws the composer completely out of his stride for periods varying from a day to a week.

The Diehards forced the enactment of the legislation compelling the placing of derby hats upon cornets. They did this thinking to discourage the composers but the latter are a hardy lot and circumvented the plot by the simple device of writing their cornet music much louder. Even so, the cornet in the symphony of to-day is a much more subdued instrument than it was in Beethoven's day, when composers were frequently made deaf by too much listening to their own cornet music. Beethoven himself went

deaf on that account. The derby had not been invented in his day; at least it had not been adapted to civilization. It was known to a few savage tribes in the Balkans, but if you had said "derby" to Beethoven, even in his native tongue, he would have put you down as a zany.

Did Schubert finish the "Unfinished Symphony"?

A great many people are convinced that he did and these people are not irresponsible jumpers at conclusions. They are for the most part worthy persons of reputation and standing, in many cases taxpayers and deacons, and they have given the matter thought. Now, I do not mean that all those who hold that he *did* finish the "Unfinished" necessarily believe that he *should* have finished it. You can believe that he did and shouldn't just as easily as you can believe that he did and should. But you cannot be in this group if you believe that he didn't and shouldn't. You cannot have your cake and eat it.

Unfortunately we cannot appeal to Schubert himself in the matter, for he never went on record as to whether the "Unfinished" was finished or not. That incident should have taught us a lesson but it hasn't. To this day when a composer of music finishes a symphony, cantata, sonata, or rhapsody, there is no law in the realm by which he can be compelled to make affidavit to the effect that the work in question

is, *de facto* and *de jure*, finished, ended, completed and, in short, done.

You mark me well, as a result of this shiftlessness we are sooner or later going to run up against a snag. I am sorry it has to be snag, but a snag is what I see. Some composer is going to start work on a symphony. Before its completion he is going to die, naturally perhaps, perhaps violently. By his own hand, maybe, or by a neighbor's foot. What will be the result? Another uncompleted symphony. Another bone of contention to be bequeathed to the ages as the unhappy fellow's legacy to civilization, setting brother against brother and forcing savants like the present writer to take valuable hours from their drinking time in order to clear up the tangled mess and restore order.

There should be an ordinance compelling composers, especially those who do not feel well, to state their exact position in writing before a notary, regarding all their works, finished or unfinished. Any one noticing that a composer is dying should immediately rush for a notary. You can generally tell by the Cheyne-Stokes breathing and feeble pulse. The following blank, or one similar to it, should then be filled out:

Statement by Composer (name of composer) in re symphony: Here follows usual formality to the effect that the composer is of sound mind and memory. If

not, a wink to the notary and a bill pressed into his hand will fix things.

1. Kind of symphony, etc. (loud, soft, piercing, etc.)

2. Number of movements—limited to seven. (If more than seven it becomes automatically a supersymphony and must be set to words by Eugene O'Neill.)

3. How long did you plan to let the symphony run? (Give actual measurements, in American feet.)

4. Did you finish it?

5. If you did not, and you had your life to live over again, would you?

6. If not finished do you want it finished by somebody else or torn up? (If the latter, please specify whether it is to be torn into little, teeny-weeny pieces or just torn once across the middle of the page.)

7. Are you quite comfortable? Is there anything I (we, they, he, she, it) can do before the doctor comes?

If we had a written declaration like that we should at least know where we stand. To-day, one man's guess regarding Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" is as good as another's and what is the result? Chaos. To this chaos the conductor of the orchestra can often contribute quite a lot. Some conductors have a knack of making a symphony sound as if it were not only

not finished but scarcely begun. Other conductors or maybe these selfsame conductors can take an unfinished symphony and make it sound like a finished symphony. If the acoustics are especially good these conductors can often make it sound like more than one finished symphony.

Shall the Schubert "Unfinished" be finished with new music, or old? Advocates of the latter course argue that there is too much music now and that if any more is composed, we shall have inflation which will cause the value of a symphony to drop in the manner of the German mark after the war. These fellows are in favor of finishing the Schubert opus with music taken from some of the longer symphonies of Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and the rest of the composing chaps. They will never miss it and you could piece together quite a fine ending for the "Unfinished."

IV. SOCKING THE BUSKIN

CHEZ LADY PEEL

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE received me in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Station, which she had taken furnished for the season.

"One gets so tired of living in hotels," she explained, "I determined to find myself a real home in New York this season. And such a time I had! Practically nothing in this neighborhood I could afford until some one told me about this place. Isn't it too divine?"

"It's a home," I said.

"I like it," said Miss Lillie. "For one thing, it's very convenient to the Jersey marshes. All you have to do is walk through the tunnel and there you are, right on the marshes. And you meet every one on the Jersey marshes these days, you know."

"I hear it's become quite the place to go," I said.

"But do sit down," said Miss Lillie, and she led the way into the gentlemen's waiting room, but quickly backed out. In the waiting room were several Polish miners from Pittsburgh, three sailors on furlough and ninety or a hundred unclassified gentlemen.

"I don't know who half of them are," Miss Lillie

explained laughingly, "I entertain a great deal." With that we retired.

"Fred," Miss Lillie said, addressing her butler, "we will take our coffee in the ladies' waiting room."

"Very good, ma'am," said Fred.

"Would you like a ticket to Baltimore?" asked Miss Lillie as we passed a ticket booth.

"I think it would be too charming," I said politely.

"We have \$20 tickets and \$30 tickets," she explained. "The \$20 tickets are just as good, but the \$30 ones wear better."

"How do they stand the rain?" I inquired, fingering one.

"They're absolutely waterproof," she said, "I know. I've been to Baltimore."

"Charming city," I suggested.

"It's population is 687,942," said Miss Lillie; "it is situated on Chesapeake Bay."

"I always preferred Delaware Bay," I replied; "I had a grandfather who was situated on Delaware Bay."

"Was he a peninsula?" inquired Miss Lillie.

"No, he was a cape," I replied.

"I adore capes," enthused Miss Lillie, "I always love it when any show I'm in plays a cape. We played Cape Hatteras three solid weeks last season."

Miss Lillie in private life is Lady Peel. Her husband comes from the old Peel family. One of

the most precious possessions of the Peel family is the famous Peel emerald which once belonged to a rajah.

"It's such a care," complained Miss Lillie. "It weighs exactly two tons and it's the largest emerald in the world."

"Why don't you have it set in a ring?" I suggested.

"Oh, I did," said the noted cantatrice. "But it was so ostentatious."

The noted diseuse took me into the concourse where she keeps the Peel emerald.

"Would you like a piece of it to take home with you?" she inquired. "To sleep on, you know. You make a wish and then sleep on the emerald."

I said I should be delighted, but was not quite sure if I could sleep on an emerald.

"Nonsense! Have you a hammer on you?" she asked.

I always carry a hammer. You can never tell when you may come upon a nail.

The noted diva chipped a good-size emerald from the big gem and handed it to me. I thanked her effusively.

"Don't mention it," she said. "Any time you run short of emeralds you just come around and ask Auntie Beatie."

THE RISE OF McNAMARA

THE story of Edward J. McNamara is one that should hearten every youth burning with a desire to sock the buskin.

Mr. McNamara was once a policeman in Paterson, N.J., but he soon tired of that and sighed for more worlds to conquer. One day, quite by accident, he burst into song. Scattered fragments of the song were picked up here and there about the police station by the lieutenant, who was a music lover, and sent to the laboratory for analysis. The report was that Mr. McNamara's song was the best quality song that had been heard in Paterson since Jenny Lind sang there. Mr. McNamara resigned from the force, came to New York, studied singing and swept all before him.

When "The Ladder" went into rehearsal it was found that one scene called for a man who could put a song over. One of the characters, probably the old King, if there was an old King in "The Ladder," during the course of a conversation says, "Heardst ye ever the song of the soldier who bade his wife stir not from the castle while he was away at the wars? 'Tis a pretty ditty. Mayhap this gleeman knows it. Sing it, gleeman."

The gleeman's name is Watt the Minstrel.

Watt says "Gladly" and sings the ditty to the lady playing the part of Margaret. Brock Pemberton, who at that time was brooding over "The Ladder," offered the part of Watt the Minstrel to McNamara. The latter had never acted, and he knew that he would have to learn to act to be able to say "Gladly" properly. He accepted the part and applied himself to the task of learning to say "Gladly."

People living near Mr. McNamara's apartment would awaken at three in the morning and hear subdued mutterings of "Gladly" pouring from his quarters. Conductors on the "L" wondered why the impressive, handsome gentleman with his hand always in the bosom of his frock coat kept repeating "Gladly" all the time. Mr. McNamara tried declaiming "Gladly" in all its phases. He pronounced it "GLAD-ly," "Guladly," "Glad-LEE" and "Glad-luh." Finally, by combining the best features of all the pronunciations, Mr. McNamara hit upon one which he thought would establish him with the American theatergoing public as the greatest emotional actor since Booth.

Then, when he hastened to rehearsal to astound an awed and envious cast with his triumph he was met by Mr. Pemberton, who told him it had been discovered that if Mr. McNamara said "Gladly" it

would be necessary, *ipso facto*, for him to join the Actors' Equity at a cost of \$35.

There was a discussion as to whether it was worth while to pay \$35 for the privilege of saying "Gladly" every night and twice on matinée days, with the result that it was finally decided that instead of saying "Gladly" Mr. McNamara was to signify his willingness to sing the ditty by a graceful bow involving extensive convolutions of the diaphragm and lower spine but leaving the vocal cords unscathed. An actor can do anything with his diaphragm without being required to join Equity. Only talking counts.

Mr. McNamara was disappointed but he bided his time. He sang his song each night and was never off key. Triumph, he felt, was bound eventually to be his. It was so.

The day came when it was decided to insert a bit wherein a yeoman says, "Good morrow," and an ominous answer comes, to wit: "I fear me 'twill not be so good a morrow."

Who was to make that answer? Who could swing the sonorous cadences of that gloomy reply? Who could say "I fear me 'twill not be so good a morrow" in such a manner as to make every member of the audience shudder?

It did not take the powers in charge of "The Ladder" long to decide that Edward J. McNamara was their man. Then the question of the Equity mem-

bership came up. Well, between "Gladly" and "I fear me 'twill not be so good a morrow" there is a pretty big difference, and this time there was no hesitation. Mr. McNamara joined Equity.

It was his hour of triumph but the end was not yet. Coming to the theater one night Mr. McNamara found that another line had been given him. After his song, somebody was to compliment him upon it, and Mr. McNamara was then required to state, "I hope it brings good cheer to the heart of milord Steven." After that, to fill his cup to overflowing, they give him back his line "Gladly."

Prior to "The Ladder," Edward J. McNamara had never acted. To-day he is a member of Equity; he sings a song in "The Ladder"; he says "Gladly," "I fear me 'twill not be so good a morrow" and "I hope it brings good cheer to the heart of milord Steven," all in the same play.

And not once has he done what Brock Pemberton warned him against when they were rehearsing "Gladly."

"For pity's sake," Pemberton told Mr. McNamara, "don't go off half-cocked some night and say 'Sure' instead of 'Gladly'."

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE TILLER GIRLS

THE Tiller Girls correspond roughly, but not too roughly, to the vestal virgins of ancient Rome.

They represent the Spirit of America and there are always sixteen of them, one for each of the thirteen original colonies. Then there's one to grow on, and two spares. They are supported by the State and are hedged in by a long series of rigid rules, ordained by tradition. They are, for instance, always required to descend a staircase backward, or slide down the banisters.

Among the famous heroines of American history who have been Tiller Girls are Barbara Frietchie, Betsy Ross, Martha Washington, Dolly Madison and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There are always exactly sixteen Tiller Girls. They live in the Municipal Building in cloistered apartments. Except for their appearances at the theaters where Congress allows them to appear, they are rarely seen because they travel to and from the theater in armored cars, heavily veiled, and they never frequent speakeasies very much.

The Sixteen Tiller Girls are in charge of a mysterious matron believed to be Maude Adams. No-

body knows where Maude Adams is, hence many believe she is in charge of the Tiller Girls.

They are famous, of course, for their remarkable rhythmic dancing. Any Tiller Girl who gets out of step is disgraced. There is always a large African male attendant called a "Unique" waiting offstage, armed with a saber, whose duty it is to slay any Tiller Girl who makes a misstep. However, each of the girls carries a stiletto in her sock, and when the tragedy of making a misstep does happen, the Tiller Girl generally commits hara-kiri with the stiletto before the dinge has a chance to slice her.

Those who think that life for the Tiller Girls is one long, sweet song are mistaken. Theirs is a grave, responsible office, inevitably bound up with the destiny of the nation. Each nation has its Sixteen Tiller Girls, and when one nation wars against another and emerges victorious, the vanquished nation's Tiller Girls are always seized and brought triumphantly home as the great prize of the conquest. When war breaks each nation immediately takes steps to secure its Sixteen Tiller Girls carefully against the encroachments of the enemy because when the enemy gains possession of the Tiller Girls it is considered a very bad omen indeed, auguring defeat.

So when war breaks the Tiller Girls are placed in a hypnotic coma and buried at some remote spot, together with the national treasure. When the war is

won, the victorious generals always torture the generals of the defeated country to make them tell where the Sixteen Tiller Girls are hidden, but it is considered a disgrace for a general to squeal on the girls. Benedict Arnold was banished from this country because he told the British generals that the Sixteen Tiller Girls we had at that time were hidden near Trenton, N. J. Arnold was sore at Washington and thought to take revenge.

The Hessians were dispatched to Trenton to capture the Tiller Girls. It was a cold winter night but nevertheless the American army decided to swim the Delaware and attack the Hessians. The Americans started to swim, and when they got within ten feet of the other shore they struck a bed of kelp, which did not daunt them. They reached the shore and taking the kelp, covered themselves with it and advanced upon Trenton. It was Christmas and the Hessians had become very drunk so when they saw what appeared to be a mass of kelp coming toward them they thought nothing of it. Also, being drunk, they thought the American forces were twice as large as they really were. But to this day a Hessian cannot eat kelp.

General Grant, at the close of the Civil War, tried to get General Lee to tell where the Sixteen Tiller Girls of the Confederate States were, but General Lee wouldn't. General Grant finally told General

Lee he respected him for it and he wouldn't take Lee's sword. Grant meant to be nice to Lee, but Lee misunderstood and thought Grant was trying to cast reflections on his sword.

"What's the matter with the sword?" he demanded, very angrily.

Grant said the sword was all right but that he wouldn't let Lee surrender it.

"It's a good sword, ain't it?" said Lee.

Grant tried to explain but Lee got madder and madder because he did think a lot of that sword. It was a sword he used in degree work in his lodge and he was quite attached to it. Finally Lee got so mad that he ups and slaps poor Grant with the flat edge of the sword and started another war which was called the Spanish-American war.

All on account of the Tiller Girls!

When Germany lost the recent war her Sixteen Tiller Girls were divided between the Powers. The United States got four of them—Pola Negri, Lya de Putti, Vilma Banky and an ash blonde. These four Tiller Girls were not eligible to become American Tiller Girls, however, because our quota of sixteen was filled. So they were appointed Honorary Tiller Girls, or workers. They go out and get the honey and bring it back to the queens, who often sting them.

Most of our American Tiller Girls are the daughters of West Point cadets. That is where they get

their precision in step. West Point cadets marry very early, of course, because they mature early in that climate.

However, it is not necessary to be the daughter of a West Point cadet to be a Tiller Girl and in our country, which is a democracy, ho hum, every little girl, be she born in a palace or in a hovel, has equal opportunity to become a Tiller Girl and every little girl should strive to mold her life and conduct so that if the call ever comes she will be ready to become a Tiller Girl. And little American girls should remember that Tiller Girls don't tell lies. They don't sass their mammas, they help with the dishes, and they come straight home from school instead of playing baseball and tearing their pants. Tiller Girls brush their teeth every day without having to be told and they don't carry worms and dead frogs in their pockets and tease old beggars or dumb animals. Tiller Girls always do their home work and they never smoke opium.

All you little girls, then, remember that unless you have some unsurmountable physical defect, such as two noses or a cauliflower ear, you can aspire to become great big Tiller Girls some day and go down in the history of your country.

Dismissed!

MISS FONTANNE DUSTS

LYNN FONTANNE, Alfred Lunt and I were having a quiet snack at their apartment. We were discussing the decline of housekeeping. Miss Fontanne said she liked to keep house once in a while.

"Do you dust?" I asked her. After all, the true test of a housewife is her dusting.

"I dust some," Miss Fontanne replied, modestly.

"Oh, go on with you," interrupted Mr. Lunt. "She dusts like a fiend. I'll bet there isn't a duster in New York can touch her."

The great actor looked affectionately and proudly at his woman.

"Lynn," he continued, "why don't you dust for the gentleman?"

"Oh," she said, "don't be silly. He doesn't want to see me dust. Besides, I didn't bring my duster and I can't dust a thing without my duster."

"Vanderbilt!" called Mr. Lunt.

"Yes, sir," said their butler entering.

"Bring Mrs. Lunt's duster, please," commanded Mr. Lunt.

The butler returned with a tray on which was a costly gold-handled duster of peacock feathers. He handed it to Miss Fontanne.

"Go on, Lynn," said Mr. Lunt, "dust that little thing you dusted last night. I loved that."

"You mean the bust of Helen Westley on the mantel?" Miss Fontanne asked, rising with the duster, and clearing her throat.

"Yes," said Mr. Lunt.

"I'll try," laughed Miss Fontanne. "I just know it will be terrible. Why, Alfred, there *is* no dust on the bust of Helen Westley."

"I told Vanderbilt the last thing this morning to put some dust on that bust of Helen Westley," said Mr. Lunt pettishly. "Vanderbilt!"

"Very good, sir!" said Vanderbilt, hurrying in.

"Why is there no dust on the bust of Helen Westley? I told you this morning to put dust on it, did I not?"

"Beggin' yer parding, sir," apologized the apologetic Vanderbilt. "There wasn't an ounce of dust in the 'ouse. We used the last we 'ad on the oil paintin' of Washin'ton A-crossin' of the Delaware, sir."

"Why, Vanderbilt," said Miss Fontanne, "I ordered dust from the dust-man yesterday!"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Vanderbilt, and then he grew very red.

"Well?" pursued Miss Fontanne. "Why wasn't it delivered?"

Vanderbilt was in a deplorable state, shifting from one foot to the other and biting his finger nails.

"You may speak freely, Vanderbilt," Mr. Lunt told him. "You are among friends."

"Beggin' yer parding, sir," said poor Vanderbilt, "the dustman said as 'ow he couldn't leave any more dust until you've paid for last month's dust."

It was an embarrassing moment for every one. I half wished Vanderbilt had been more discreet.

"You may go, Vanderbilt," Mr. Lunt said finally.

"Yes, Vanderbilt," Miss Fontanne added, "you may go to Spokane, Wash."

"Very good, ma'am," said Vanderbilt, withdrawing to Spokane, Wash.

"You know," I said, "I really believe I have some dust with me. Let me see."

I began fumbling in my purse. I was sure I had put some dust in it before leaving the office. You never can tell when you may need dust.

"Don't bother," Miss Fontanne assured me. "I'll just slip on something and run over to June Walker's and borrow a cup of dust."

"She owes us a cup of dust, dear," Mr. Lunt reminded her.

Miss Fontanne put on a tippet and went. She was back in no time with the dust, which she sprinkled over the Westley bust. Then she dusted it and really, I never saw better dusting. Those who think the average stage star is a flighty creature utterly ig-

norant of household duties should have been there. The room would have been quite crowded.

“Bis! Bis!” I cried. “Encore!”

As an encore Miss Fontanne dusted a painting of Grover Cleveland.

What with Miss Fontanne’s dusting and everything else, it was one of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent, and I shall never sit by supinely hereafter and let gossips bandy the names of stage stars, charging that they have no capacity for real, old-fashioned home life.

GENTLEMAN TO SEE MISS GISH

My job was to interview Lillian Gish. I knew the famous star was practically inaccessible to interviewers. My problem was therefore how to get her ear.

This was not as easy as it sounds. I knew that the old days had passed when the ear of a motion picture star could be had for a song. Those were the early days of the industry, before the thing became systematized; unlike to-day, when practically every by-product of the movie actor, including the ear, is utilized.

In the old days, for example, movie stars threw away their old husbands and wives when they finished with them. Later some enterprising young fellow discovered that if you shellacked these discarded husbands and wives they made admirable little statues for the garden or the reception hall. To-day there is great competition at Hollywood among the stars to see whose mansion will have the largest collection of shellacked ex-spouses.

Of course, like every other fad, the thing can be carried to extremes and one does get the impression in the homes of a few of the movie moguls that this petrifying of one's former wife or husband can be carried to the extent of cluttering up the place.

There was also a great deal of interlocking; that is to say, cases where an ex-wife was the ex-wife of two, three and sometimes more movie stars. This caused a great deal of dissension as to who should have possession of the ex-wife once she had been shellacked. Sometimes the ex-wife proved unreasonable and stubbornly refused to be shellacked. Every time the shellacking party made a sortie to capture her, she would send one or more of them reeling off under the impact of a sock in the nose.

I decided that one of Miss Gish's ears would be sufficient for my purpose. If she would lend me that one ear for fifteen minutes I could have my interview safely tucked away at the end of that time. I did not care what she did with the other ear in the interim. I would be quite generous about that. She could wiggle the other ear, or have it pierced for earrings, or occupy it in any sane, respectable manner she chose.

Getting to Miss Gish wasn't going to be any easy task. At the Gish home there is a window directly above the front door and I knew that a special butler is always on duty at that window, ready to dump a pail of old water on any interviewer who rings the doorbell below. This did not worry me terribly, though, for I had my ideas on how I should outwit the butler. In the second place, I'm an old, seasoned bird who has been in so much water that was

really what you might call hot, that the prospect of one more pailful dumped on me from Lillian Gish's front window wasn't as terrifying as it might have been to a novice. You do acquire a certain immunity after you've been in enough hot water.

I had a dummy made to look like me. At first the sculptor said he couldn't do it, that it wouldn't be art, but I held a pistol at his head. When I saw the finished dummy I shot the sculptor.

Taking the dummy with me I crept up to the Gish home and hid around the corner of the house. Then I imitated the ringing of a doorbell and pushed the dummy around to the front door. The butler fell beautifully for my happy little dodge and emptied a pail of water on the dummy.

I let out a hoot of merriment. The butler was furious.

"You cad!" he cried. "You cheated."

"In your hat," was my comeback.

"You don't dare come around here yourself," he challenged.

Oh, didn't I? I knew he had plenty more water where that first pail had come from, for I had made inquiries in the village and had found that only a week previously the Gishes had laid in their winter supply of water. However, I was prepared. When one sets out to accomplish a difficult task one must

plan ahead and figure on every emergency. This I had done.

"How about betting me a little something that I don't dare come around there myself?" I told the butler.

"I'll bet you ten dollars you don't," he replied.

"I'll just raise you another ten," said I.

"I'll see you and call you," said he.

I knew I had him worried. Again I imitated a doorbell and then walked boldly out to the door. Down came the water, and, like a flash, up went my umbrella. He hadn't figured on my using an umbrella. He was very, very wroth.

"You never said you were going to use an umbrella," he sputtered.

"You never asked me," said I, innocently.

"You don't dare try it again," he snorted.

"I do," said I, "and I'll double that bet."

"No umbrellas," he stipulated. I agreed.

"And no dummies." Again I agreed.

He chortled, thinking he surely had me this time. But when the water came down there I was in oil-skins from head to feet. The butler gave up with a despairing sweep of his hands.

I rang the door bell and he answered it.

"Whom did you wish to see?" he asked.

"I'll trouble you for that sixty dollars I just won from you," said I.

He glared at me, handed over the sixty and again asked me whom I wanted to see.

"Miss Lillian Gish live here?" I asked.

"What name?"

"Gish."

"How do you spell it?"

"G-i-s-h."

"Oh, Gish. Just a moment; I'll see."

In a moment he returned.

"Yes, Miss Gish lives here. Whom did you wish to see?"

"Miss Lillian Gish."

"Are you the man about the carpet?"

"No, I am Miss Mary Pickford. Please give Miss Gish my card."

I gave him a fake card with Miss Pickford's name on it. Then I quickly threw a wig of yellow curls over my head. The butler returned and in his most polite tone said, "Miss Gish says to come right up, Miss Pickford."

Another moment and I was in the presence of Miss Gish.

"Mary!"

"Lillian!"

We held each other at arm's length and regarded each other affectionately.

"How you've changed!" said Miss Gish. "Your voice."

"Laryngitis. I got it from autographing photographs," I lied.

The room was fairly dark, which of course was to my advantage, but unfortunately just at that moment a passing shaft of light fell on my face, giving Miss Gish quite a start. She looked at me again.

"You're not Mary Pickford at all," she declared finally. "Mary has no mustache."

It was my cue to 'fess up so I took off the wig laughingly.

"No," I said, "I'm not." Then I explained my mission and asked Miss Gish if she would lend me her ear—just one ear—for fifteen minutes. I explained my policy about her other ear.

"Did not my butler throw water on you?" queried Miss Gish. "How is it you are so dry?"

Again I laughed and explained how I had outwitted her butler and taken sixty dollars from him.

"I will match you for that sixty," said Miss Gish sternly.

"All right," I said. "You're matching me?"

She nodded. We tossed. Two heads. I gave her the sixty.

Miss Gish then summoned the butler. "Show this gentleman the door," she commanded.

I left the house, but defeat had by no means spelled itself for me yet. I walked around the block,

returned, rang the bell again and gave another card to the butler, who looked at me reflectively.

"I've seen you before somewhere," he said with a puzzled expression that probably meant he was searching his mind.

"It is quite possible that you have, my good man," I returned. "Perhaps a look at that card will help your memory."

He looked at the card, exclaimed "Holy Moses!" in an awed tone and then bowed me in with all the courtesy in the world. The card bore the inscription, "His Excellency, the President of the United States of America."

The butler was back from Miss Gish in a trice with orders to show me up. I donned the blond curly wig again and went up.

"You wished to see me?" said Miss Gish.

"I did, mademoiselle," I replied, bowing low.

"Well, you have," said Miss Gish, returning to her book.

"But that is not all, dear lady," I said, softly.

"Yes?" she queried, coming back from her book.

"I—er—am President Coolidge."

"Not *President* Coolidge?" she exclaimed, returning to her book.

"The same, and at your service, mademoiselle," I said, and going to the bookshelf I got myself a book. I wanted to be in this game, too.

"Why, I thought President Coolidge was white," said Miss Gish, returning to her book.

"It's this light," I replied, and with a triumphant glance at the noted cinema star, I returned to *my* book.

She sneered.

"That really isn't your book at all, you know," she commented. "You got it from my library. You have no legal right to return to it. Why are you here, anyhow, when Congress is in session at Washington?"

"That, my dear lady, is precisely why I am here," I replied. "And I have another mission."

"It being?" interrogated Miss Gish, and with a sly glance at me she picked up three books and returned to all of them at once. I ignored this feat and came directly to my subject.

"I came to see you about a set of Dickens."

"You get—" began Miss Gish, but I went on quickly.

"For this month only we are offering a splendid, de luxe edition of the complete works of the famous British novelist, Charles Dickens, in limp leather binding, fine India paper, thirty-two volumes in all for the astoundingly cheap price of ninety-six dollars, payable ten dollars down and five dollars in monthly installments. Madame, this is a set no educated person like yourself can afford to be with-

out. It will be an ornament to your library. Why, the set is done in vellum!"

"Vellum a son-of-a-gun," said the butler, who happened to be passing through.

"I don't want any Dickens," roared the now thoroughly aroused Miss Gish.

"Could you use a Packard roadster, practically new and very cheap? The owner is leaving for Europe," I continued.

"No," said Miss Gish.

"Well, how are you fixed on shoes? We've got some great bargains in evening slippers."

"I don't want any."

"How are you on neckties?"

No answer.

"Shirts?"

No answer.

"Cigars?"

She only glared.

"Do you need any butter, eggs, bread? Are you sure you've got enough coal in to last you the winter?"

Miss Gish rose impetuously. "Who and what are you?" she demanded imperiously, "and why?"

"I told you," I replied in an injured tone, "I'm the President of the United States."

She sneered.

"Oh, you are, are you? Very well, perhaps you can explain who this gentleman is, then."

She opened a curtain and there in the conservatory stood the President himself.

"I made a mistake," I apologized. "I'm not the President, of course. I'm really the Vice-President."

"Is that so!" said the butler at this point, and snatching off his side whiskers, he stood revealed before me as the Vice-President of the United States.

Things were coming too fast for me. I gave up.

"My intentions were honest," I told them. "I really was only trying to draw Miss Gish into an interview. I meant no harm. Really, I didn't. But I won't lie to you any more. I'm just Frank Sullivan."

They all started laughing, and the President said, "Oh, is that so!" and he opened a door. There stood Frank Sullivan!

I thought that over for just the briefest part of a second and then took my departure, also taking part of the sash and one of the conservatory windows as I left.

*V. BRIEF PEEKS INTO THE HOME LIFE
OF NOTABLES*

MRS. WASHINGTON CROSSES HER HUSBAND

IN China the soldiers take their wives to war. Suppose Martha Washington had got the idea that she wanted to go along with her husband. It might have been like this:

Martha (*after she has cleared away the supper dishes*)—Want your slippers, papa?

George—No, darling; I have to go out.

Martha—Out where?

George—Some of the boys are giving a war. I'm on the entertainment committee.

Martha—Who is the war for?

George—King George.

Martha—Then I suppose it'll be formal. (*She gets an idea.*) George!

George—Yes, Mattie.

She—I want to go.

He—You can't go to war. War is no place for women. War is hell.

She—I want to go. You're always going to wars and you never take me. You never take me any place since you married me.

He—But I tell you you can't go to a war. What would the neighbors say?

She—No more than they say now, with you away all the time. I'm going to this war.

He—All right. But remember one thing. Don't say I made you go. Get your things on.

(So Martha goes to the Revolution with George.)

She—What are you going to do now, George?

He—Cross the Delaware and capture the Hessians.

She—Don't you go out on that river, George Washington! Look at that ice! And it's blowing up cold.

He—We have to capture the Hessians. You stay here. I'll be right back and I'll bring you a nice Hessian.

She—You'll come back with a good cold, that's what you'll come back with. And I'll be the one who'll have to sit up all night with you; not Ben Arnold, or Lafayette, or that crazy Anthony Wayne.

He—Oh, how do you get that Wayne—I mean, way? I tell you I've got to.

She—I don't see why. Can't the Hessians come over here?

He—No, they can't.

She—We're as good as they are. Why you should spend your time chasing a lot of old Hessians is more than I can understand. I don't even know what Hessians are. What are they?

He—They're German soldiers. They're fighting over here.

She—Well, if they don't like this country, why don't they go back where they came from?

He—Listen, sweetheart, will you do me a favor? Will you stop bothering me now? I'll explain everything to you later, when it's over, but please stop asking questions now. I'm busy.

She—All right.

(Silence for a moment.)

She—Geo-or-ge!

He—What in thunder do you want now?

She—Well, you needn't be so hot under the collar. I just wanted to ask a question.

He—I told you—I thought—Oh, well, what is it?

She—I want to see King George.

He—He isn't here.

She—But you said the war was for him.

He—He couldn't come. He sent his generals.

She—Well, I must say I don't think that's very mannerly of him. You get a war up for him and he doesn't come.

He—Oh, Lord!

She—Which are the enemy soldiers?

He—Over there, in the red coats.

She—Oh, those? Why, they're perfectly darling! You mustn't fight those nice boys, George.

He—Mattie, hush your noise! Don't say the red coats are perfectly darling.

She—Why not, pray?

He—Because, pray, you'll have us both in the hoosegow for treason first thing you know.

She—George, who is that woman?

He—Oh, her? She's a camp follower.

She—What's a camp follower?

He—A person who follows a camp.

She—Oh! She looks cold. Poor child! Doesn't she know there may be atrocities? Why doesn't somebody warn her? I'll run over and tell her.

He—YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE! Mind your own business!

She—Is that so? Well, I've had enough of this sort of treatment. I'm going home.

He—(*instantly*)—Lafayette, a stage coach, quick! Mrs. Washington is going home.

WE HAVE SOME NICE, FRESH CROWNS
TO-DAY, QUEEN

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary are in the palace. Queen Mary is knitting royal garments. King George is twiddling his scepter and issuing royal decrees. The doorbell rings.

The Queen—I'll answer it. It's the maid's day off.

King—If it's King Fuad of Egypt, I'm out.

Queen Mary (*at the door*)—Oh, come in. George, it's the crown man.

King George—Tell him we don't want any.

Queen (*to the crown man*)—Yes, we do. Come on in.

Crown Man—I have a very nice line of crowns this fall, Mr. Windsor. Some very natty effects in gold and diamonds.

King George—I don't want any.

Queen—Why, George Windsor, hear you talk! You do, too, need one. (*To the crown man*) He does need one. Look at the crown he's got on now. It's a sight. He wore it last spring one day past May 15, the last day for wearing winter crowns, and the other kings knocked it off and nearly ruined it.

King George—It's all right. Only the mudguards are dented.

Queen (*firmly*)—Now you get a new crown, George Windsor, or I don't set a foot outside this palace with you. Give that one to some poor king. If it's taken in a little it'll just fit Manuel of Portugal. Anyhow, I need a couple of new crowns myself.

King—Oh, I see your little game. One word for me and two for yourself. Haven't you got enough crowns as it is?

Queen—Enough crowns? I haven't got a decent crown to my name, that's what I haven't. I'm ashamed to go out, that's what I am. You making the good money you make and your Queen without a decent crown to her name!

King—But I gave you one last Christmas, Mary.

Queen—Last Christmas! Do you suppose I can wear that old thing now? Don't you suppose styles ever change? They're wearing crowns now with six points instead of eight, and pearls have gone out.

King—And I bet diamonds have come in.

Crown Man—Yes, Mr. Windsor, diamonds in crowns are all the rage now. I just sold Queen Marie four new diamond crowns.

Queen—You see. Marie has everything she wants. She has forty-eight crowns and ninety-six pairs of slippers to match.

King—Yes. She's all show. All for parading up and down, showing off. She might better put a little aside for a rainy day.

Queen—What does she care about a rainy day? She's got an umbrella.

King—So have you, but you never open it.

Crown Man—This is a model I'm having made up for King Alfonso.

Queen Mary—Oh, I wouldn't like that on Mr. Windsor. Alfonso can wear a crown like that with his nose, but it wouldn't look well on you, George.

King George—I don't care how it looks as long as its comfortable.

Queen Mary—Yes, you do. Don't say that. Appearance is everything, especially in a job like yours. You have to meet people and if your crown doesn't fit they laugh. Look how neat William used to keep himself.

George—William who?

Queen—Hohenzollern. The Kaiser. His crowns fitted him to a T.

George—Oh, did they? They fitted him so well that the first time somebody came up behind him and gave one of them a poke off it went and rolled down a manhole and he never got it back.

Queen—Well, anyhow, you always get your crowns too big and they make you look terrible.

King George (*exasperated*)—All right, all right.

Get as many crowns as you want, but let me pick out the one I like. Now is that a bargain?

Queen Mary (*happily*)—Yes. (*In a whisper to the crown seller*) I thought if I kept at him long enough I'd get my way. I'll take four of those diamond, emerald and platinum crowns as a starter.

MIDNIGHT IN THE QUIRINAL

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL of Italy May Abdicate,
London Hears.—HEADLINE.

. . .

(Scene: The Palace. Midnight.)

(*Bang! The front door being shut.*)

Queen Elena—Is that you, Victor?

King Victor—Ye-es, it's me.

Queen—Well, hang up your things. I don't want to be spending most of to-morrow chasing around this place picking up crowns and robes after you. (*The King comes upstairs.*)

Queen—How was the banquet? Who was there? I hope you didn't drink too much; you know the way your stomach is. Was Mussolini there?

King—Was Mussolini there! (*Laughs scornfully.*)

Q.—Well, *was* he there?

K.—*Was* he there? What a woman!

Q.—Well, was he *there*? Was he *there*? Can't you answer a civil question?

K.—In the front seat. Where else?

Q.—He would be, I knew it.

K.—Then what did you ask me for if you knew it?

Q.—My goodness, you don't have to eat a person's head off just because they ask you a civil question. What's the matter with you?

K.—I'm through, Nell. I quit. I've had enough. Either I'm King in this dump or else—

Q.—Oh, now, don't get yourself all excited again. What did he do? What did Mussolini do now?

K.—What did he do? Ha, ha! What did he do?

Q.—Well, what *did* he do?

K.—Oh, nothing. Nothing at *all*. Oh, it's all right. I'm just the King around here, that's all. Listen, Nell, I didn't care when he hogged all the cornerstone-layings. Nor the hospitals. I never said anything when he took over the hospital inspecting, and I didn't kick about the troop reviewing, but that speech I had ready to-night was a peach, and you know it. . . .

Q.—You don't mean to tell me he cut you out of the speech?

(*The King nods.*)

Q.—Well, the big stiff! And you let him put that over on you?

K.—That's right. Start on me.

Q.—Start on you? It's time somebody started on you! If you were half a King you'd have put that upstart in his place long ago. I'd like to give him a piece of my mind.

K.—Try and do it.

Q.—I'd like to see him try to take a hospital inspection away from Queen Mary.

K.—He says when he gets Italy organized he's going up and take over England. But I'm through. After to-night, nothing doing.

Q.—Victor, you're crazy. What is there open in your line of work? Who wants a King these days? Talking about quitting when you haven't even got another job in sight. I never heard of such a thing. I know how you feel, honey, but we'll just have to grin and bear it until either somebody lands a bomb on the big stiff or else—

K.—Wait a minute, now. You say I have nothing in sight. How do you know I have nothing in sight?

Q.—Darling, I know you.

K.—Is that so? Well, now, Miss Smarty, did it ever occur to you that this palace would make a swell filling station like the ones they have in America?

Q.—You mean— Why, Victor, it's a grand idea! We'll quit to-morrow. I can sell hot dogs and coffee, and we can put out a sign "Tourists Accommodated."

BABY SEE PRETTY HAT?

QUEEN MARY looks after her baby granddaughter, the Princess Elizabeth, while the Duke and Duchess of York are traveling.—NEWS ITEM.

. . .

It all came about like this:

The Duke—Four orphan asylum dedications to-day. Whew!

The Duchess—And I christened six battleships. I'm all in.

Duke—Let's chuck it all and go away some place. We both need a rest.

Duchess—That we do! Maybe we could slip down to Wessex for a week-end.

Duke—Wessex nothing. Let's take a real trip and go to Australia.

Duchess—Australia? We can't afford to go to Australia.

Duke—Why can't we? Didn't I go up on my dedicating fees the first of the year? If I do a little extra dedicating from now until the time we start, we can get together enough to make it. I've figured it all out.

Duchess—But I haven't got a thing to wear.

Duke—Why, you've got your crown and ermine robe.

Duchess—Oh, that old rag!

Duke—I think it's very becoming.

Duchess—Dear, I simply cannot go. Who'd take the baby?

Duke—We can leave her with my mother.

Duchess—I—I—I—ah—

Duke—What's the matter? Don't you want to leave her with Mother?

Duchess—Well, I—I—

Duke—Oh, it's all right, Elizabeth. I know what you're worrying about. I'll make Mamma promise not to let her play with the Lascelles boys.

Duchess—It isn't that. It's—oh, forgive me, darling. I know your mother's a dear, but—

Duke—Come! Tell Duke what it is.

Duchess—Well, I'm afraid your mother will get Elizabeth into the habit of wearing those funny hats and I know we could never break her of it.

Duke—Funny hats? What funny hats?

Duchess—Well, those hats your mother wears. I think the impressions that children get before they are five are terribly important and Elizabeth might grow up with the memory of those hats in her subconscious.

Duke—I know but, after all, when I was a baby

I used to see a lot of my grandfather and he used to crease his pants at the side. I'm all right, ain't I?

Duchess—Of course you are, dear. But I do think men are less affected by hats than women.

Duke—Well, I'll fix it with Mother.

(He calls Queen Mary on the telephone.)

Duke—Hello, hello, hello. . . . Are you there? Mother? . . . Mother, this is me talking, the Duke of York. . . . Mother, Bessie and I are all tired out and we're thinking of taking a trip to Australia, for the sea trip, you know. . . . Yes. . . . And we wondered if you would take care of Elizabeth while we're gone. . . . Oh, that's grand of you. . . . You're sure she won't be a bother? . . . Oh, that's swell. . . . And now, Mother, Elizabeth wants me to make you promise one thing. . . . Well, you see, the baby is just at that age when she's into everything. . . . Yes. . . . She's just creeping and she's into everything, and Elizabeth and I know how much you think of your hats and we're afraid she might get one of your hats and tear it up or chew it, and we—we—we'd be terribly embarrassed if she . . . Yes. . . . Yes, we want you to promise not to ever let the baby even see any of your hats. . . . That's grand! . . . Yes, it's the only way. . . . Because she's into *everything*. You wouldn't have a hat left fit to wear. . . . I'm so glad you're so glad.

. . . How's Father? . . . That's good, how are you? . . . That's good. . . . Oh, we're all right, except as I say, we're fagged out. Well, toodle-oo, and thanks ever so much.

Duchess—Darling, you're a duck. You fixed it grand. You're just an old diplomat. I'll start packing.

VI. FLORA AND FAUNA

JUSTICE FOR THE CASSOWARY

DR. E. W. GUDER of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History has completed a report exonerating the cassowary of the charge of eating missionaries. For years this canard has followed this poor bird, and lovers of justice will be glad to know that Dr. Guder has cleared the atmosphere and the cassowary with one stone.

A great deal of this talk about the eating of missionaries is nonsense, anyhow. They are far less edible than is popularly supposed. Even a very young missionary, unless cooked by a chef skilled in the most delicate ramifications of the culinary art, is not apt to tempt the palate of your true gourmet.

For one thing, the properly cooked missionary ought to be flavored with leeks. Well, did you ever try to get leeks? Last Tuesday we had a missionary for dinner up at our house. A friend had bagged a brace of them and gave me one. I went to fourteen stores in a vain search for leeks, and finally wound up, in a daze, in the men's diamond necklace department at Cartier's.

You have to have sherry, too. You can't get a properly cooked missionary now, because the proper sherry is not available.

As for the charge that the cassowary was in the habit of eating missionaries I laugh at that because I know and love the cassowary as a bird, and I know full well that no cassowary would ever eat a missionary except in self-defense.

Missionaries can be tantalizing. My wife, a former cannibal girl from Uganda, tells me that the missionaries in her part of the country were very arrogant and were constantly teasing the cassowaries. The cassowary, of course, is not a handsome bird, but, as my wife says, "beauty is only skin deep" (old cannibal proverb). The cassowary looks something like an ostrich and a little like Wallace Beery. Like Mr. Beery, the cassowary has not got a complete set of feathers, due to some lapse Mother Nature made when she planned Mr. Beery and the cassowary.

My wife tells me that the first thing the missionaries did when they arrived in her country was to try to force the cassowaries to don feather boas, claiming that their nakedness was a bad example to the other birds. The cassowaries resented this and one day there was a scuffle in which a bevy of cassowaries attacked a number of missionaries. They merely kicked them, for a cassowary packs a wicked kick, closely akin to that of the ostrich. After that the missionaries let the cassowaries alone. That is

to say, except to sneer at them and talk about them behind their backs, all of which was, of course, duly reported to the cassowaries.

Throughout the whole affair the cassowaries acquitted themselves much better than the missionaries, my wife thought.

At present there are only about one hundred and fifty cassowaries in the United States. It is difficult to keep them in an apartment, and if you take them out for exercise during the day, people laugh at you. Of course, if people laugh at you anyhow, whether a cassowary is with you or not, it's a different matter.

They make excellent watchdogs, and will allow no burglars in the house.

When a burglar gets into an apartment where a pet cassowary is kept the latter crouches instinctively, its tail feathers revolving slowly with excitement. Then, as the burglar creeps down the hall, the cassowary suddenly starts up, like a grouse, flaps its wings, emits a wild, screech-like sound (something like this: "M-r-r-r-r-wk!") and lays an egg directly in front of the burglar.

This seems so comical to the burglar that he gives himself over to roars of laughter, the reverberations of which set off an electric burglar alarm which brings the police, running or walking. Let's make it walking. Thus the burglar is caught, but, of course, the

cassowary has to hide, because there is always the danger that the police might see him (or, if an egg had been laid, her), and be thrown into paroxysms of laughter, during which the burglar might escape.

THE WHALE

A SCIENTIST at the University of California has evolved a theory that the pituitary gland of the whale is the secret of the source and structure of animal life. He plans to prove his point by netting a few whales which, when enticed into captivity, will be deprived of their pituitary glands and then cast adrift.

This seems a pity for the scientist apparently overlooks the fact that once the whale is deprived of his pituitary gland he will shrink immediately to the size of a minnow and in that process will undoubtedly lose a great deal of his charm. After all is said and done, a great deal of the fascination that the whale holds for many of us lies in the very attractiveness of his elephantine and yet innocent cavortings in the larger waters.

One cannot escape the conclusion that scientists are getting too fresh; that they are tinkering too much with the existing order of things. How would a scientist like it if a whale deprived him of his pituitary gland and sent him home to his wife, a veritable Singer midget or less?

It seems as if people could never let the poor whale alone. Little by little they are stripping him

of the various trappings that are necessary to his structure if he is to continue at his age-old function of keeping order in the ocean. For it is the whale that keeps the lesser ocean creatures in line and prevents them from attacking the various navies that traverse the surface of the seas. Mr. Will Beebe, who invariably spends the warmer seasons at the bottom of the ocean, will testify to many a good turn done him by whales.

The fish pay attention to the whale now, but if you take his pituitary gland away and thus reduce him to the size of a goldfish, will they continue so to do? Can a fine, well-set-up sturgeon respect a tiny and effeminate goldfish? Don't be silly!

What fish will the young California scientist substitute for the whale? The salmon won't do. It is an open secret that the salmon is a joke among his fellow fish who figure that any fish stupid enough to allow himself to be canned each year by the thousands of pounds has certainly not got enough initiative to take the leadership underneath the sea.

If the savants on the Pacific Coast are allowed to carry out their plan to deprive the whale of his pituitary gland, the result will be chaos in the Pacific Ocean. In case of trouble with Japan the United States will find itself without the services of its old ally, the whale.

In every naval engagement of an American ship

it has been that loyal, devoted leviathan, the whale, that has come up beneath the enemy ships, tipping them over and bringing success to the Stars and Stripes. You do not notice the Japanese depriving their whales of their pituitary glands. Not a bit of it.

The Japs are sitting by, laughing quietly in their sleeves and anybody who ever saw a Japanese sleeve must realize that it takes a bit of laughing to fill it. They are watching us reduce our whalepower to a minimum and when war comes the Japanese whales will be released in a body and "sicked" on our American admirals.

Think what we are sacrificing for a mere pituitary gland! It's nonsense. Let us have done with it.

POTATO BUG vs. PHEASANT

THE scientific world is planning to use the pheasant for the purpose of eradicating the potato bug pest. A game preserve has been established in New York State, where pheasants will be trained to hunt potato bugs. The Conservation Commission states that the pheasant is practically the only bird that will eat the potato bug, hence its value to the farmer.

Before the Civil War there were practically no potato bugs in the North. Neither were there any pheasants. Then the war came and its close found the pheasants and the potato bugs of the South impoverished. They flocked northward in great numbers. Masses of the pheasants settled in New York State, and in time got to be quite a nuisance. They went around eating all the crops, insulting the native hens and roosters and sometimes even going so far as to fly behind a farmer and peck him on the ear.

The potato bugs had settled in Massachusetts and Vermont, where they had endeared themselves to the sturdy, native New Englanders. At that time these bugs had not cultivated a taste for potatoes and hence were not known as potato bugs.

They had only one enemy—the pheasant. It was an age-old feud, started in the South, where blood

runs hot. One of those McCoy-Hatfield affairs. The instant a potato bug saw a pheasant there was a battle. In those days the potato bug was much larger than to-day. The Civil War potato bug, before he took to eating potatoes, would weigh about as much as an ordinary pullet, and would have more sense.

The bug was more aggressive and the pheasants generally ran. Hearing this, the New York farmers said to themselves, "Just the bug for us," and with all sorts of wiles and enticements they set about luring the potato bugs from Vermont and Massachusetts over to New York.

There followed a winter during which carnage among the pheasants was terrific. Fully a million and a half were done to death by the potato bugs before spring. The farmers were tickled and the potato bugs got very self-satisfied and smug as a result of the adulation which naturally became theirs.

Then came the fatal day when some misguided enthusiast gave a group of the bugs their first taste of potato. Probably he was a lineal descendant of the man who first gave the Indians fire-water. The taste of the potent vegetable set the bugs' blood afire.

Every one is familiar with the rest of the story. They ran amok among the potatoes. Hardly a potato but suffered that and following years. The

constant excess in the use of the potato did one thing, it stunted the potato bug's growth and in time reduced him to the insignificant size he is to-day.

Now, by one of those queer quirks that happen in the history of agriculture, we have the strange spectacle of the farmers allied with their old foe, the pheasant, to encompass the destruction of the farmers' old ally, the potato bug.

The pheasants ought to win easily.

THE GAMBUSIA

THE gambusia is a little fish with scarcely any pulchritude or charm of manner, its only redeeming quality being its undying hatred of the mosquito. Somewhere back in medieval times, a mosquito apparently played a dirty trick on a gambusia and a gambusia never forgets. Nobody seems to know what the trick was, but to this day no matter where a gambusia sees a mosquito he makes for him, and it generally goes hard with the mosquito, for the gambusia is a plucky little creature.

The gambusia makes its home in southern waters and that is why southern mosquitoes have to be on their guard constantly. No southern mosquito knows when a gambusia will spring at him.

For a long time southern scientists have been trying to train the gambusia to live out of water. If this could be accomplished it would mean a tremendous decrease in the amount of inland mosquito biting for under the present system southerners must do one of two things in the mosquito season, either migrate to the nearest body of water in order to place themselves under the protection of the gambusias or catch the marauding mosquitoes and send them to the nearest gambusia colony.

There was a sporadic movement, a few years ago, for the adoption of a contrivance by which the gambusia could constantly be carried by mosquito bites. It was a pocket in the vest, lined with rubber and filled with water. The gambusia was kept in this pocket. The device did not work for the confinement did not agree with the gambusias. They languished from loneliness, quickly lost most of their verve and eventually became indifferent to even the presence of the hated mosquito. Death ensued if the gambusia was not restored to a larger body of water.

Last summer the New Jersey authorities made their now famous advance upon the mosquitoes, using gambusias as shock troops. It was a new experiment and attracted a good deal of attention. Twenty thousand gambusias were transferred to the Jersey marshes. These gambusias had never met the Jersey species of mosquito and the outcome was awaited with interest.

It looked like a walkover for the gambusias. The Jersey mosquitoes, unaccustomed to having any one defy them, were taken aback by the behavior of the spunky intruders from the South, and retreated. There was a lull in the battle. Then, one night, two gambusias were found dead underneath a crab-apple tree. They had been brutally attacked.

From that time on, no day passed that did not take

its toll of gambusias, and it was now the turn of the little fish to be surprised, for until they came to New Jersey no mosquito had ever brooked their will.

Winter came. Hostilities ceased and the gambusias retired, apparently to get some sleep in preparation for the spring offensive. But in the spring when the keepers went to wake them up, they were gone! They had retired to their home waters, where mosquitoes can be cowed more easily.

This was last year. This summer the Jersey authorities will employ perch, and if the perch run from the mosquitoes they will enlist a battalion of sturgeon and if the sturgeon die resisting the mosquito, they will employ swordfish, carp, sharks, and so on until they get a fish big enough to lick a Jersey mosquito even if they have to hire a whale.

VICTOR

I

"GET off the table, Victor, before I knock you off."

It was at breakfast. Victor is our cat.

"If you want something to eat go catch a mouse," I told him.

"I'm not interested in mice," said Victor, complacently, for he had just had a saucer of cream and several pieces of roll with lots of butter on them.

"What? You, a cat, a big healthy cat, and not interested in mice?"

"That's old stuff. Mice are all right."

He washed his face calmly.

A little mouse came out of the baseboard, nibbled at a bit of cheese in the trap, made a wry face and then came over and shook hands with Victor.

"Some of my best friends are mice," said Victor, putting his arm around the little fellow affectionately.

"The cheese in your trap is stale," the little mouse complained to me, with some indignation. "If you expect us mice to play your old trap game you might at least put fresh cheese in the trap once in a while.

Goodness knows we take our lives in our hands every time we go after it."

"Yes," said Victor, "you might at least furnish fresh cheese."

"It's American cheese," pouted the mouse, "I like cream cheese."

"But you can't put cream cheese in a trap," I told them, "it's too soft."

"You can do anything you put your mind to," said Victor.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said the mouse.

"There is no such word as 'don't' in the English language," said Victor.

"You could get the cream cheese into the trap if you tried," rebuked the mouse. "You just don't try."

"You're a big, lazy galoot," said Victor.

"You want everything handed to you on a platter," said the mouse.

There was just enough truth in Victor's charge to make me wince.

So I winced.

This tickled them vastly.

"Did you see him wince?" said Victor to the mouse.

"He can't even wince right," said the mouse. "He doesn't even know how to wince right."

"Wince for him, mouse!" said Victor. "Show him how to wince. Now, watch the mouse wince, stupid, and learn how wincing ought to be done."

I resented this. Why should I be dictated to by Victor, a mere cat, and such mice cronies of his as he chooses to pick up, not knowing a thing about their reputations or antecedents.

"I studied wincing before either of you was born," I said. "I guess I don't have to ask you two how to wince."

"'Either'!" repeated Victor scornfully, "Anybody knows it's 'eyether.' I got to hurry," he added, "I have to go out and look at a king."

"I have to go, too," said the mouse.

"Come again some time," said Victor.

"Yes," I said, "come again some time."

"I will if you'll get some decent cheese," sneered the mouse.

. . .

II

Victor, the cat, was sitting on the bed, watching me like a cat. Every time I opened my mouth to say something two or three tonsilitis germs would emerge and start walking up and down the counterpane, arm in arm. Very harmless looking they were, too. Mild, gentle faces. You wouldn't think they

could be so mean and make so much trouble. It is as if Lillian Gish suddenly turned and gave you a sock in the eye.

Pretty soon there was any number of them on the counterpane, walking up and down to get the fresh air, I suppose. A tonsilitis germ's work is confining.

"I wish you'd let me go after them," said Victor. "It wouldn't take me two minutes to lay every mother's son of them in a neat, orderly row on the counterpane."

Victor meant all right, but his position was slightly better than mine. Cats are not subject to tonsilitis. We can always be very calm about our friends' troubles. Still, it was nice of him to care.

"You know what would happen if you did that, don't you?" I asked Victor.

"Yes," said he, "you'd feel a lot better and you wouldn't have that headache and sore throat."

"Let me tell you something, Victor," said I. "There's no bug in the world more clannish than the tonsilitis germ. They are most devoted to their families. Infidelity among tonsilitis germs is so rare as to be almost unknown."

"What is infidelity?" asked Victor. He really is a rather innocent cat for his age.

"Infidelity is when you join a fraternity and then tell the initiation secrets to your fiancée," I explained. "Now these germs are all one big gang, and a dan-

gerous gang at that. You've read of how when one gangster kills a member of another gang the other gang kills a member of his gang, and then that gang kills a member of the other gang, and so on. Well, were you to slay a single one of the tonsilitis germs on this counterpane every other tonsilitis germ would instantly start a vendetta, and whom do you suppose the vendetta would be against?"

Victor walked up the bed, rubbed his head against my cheek, and there was a tear in his eye.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, "I didn't know. Forgive me."

"Be nice to them," I whispered. "It's the only way. I can't afford to antagonize them. Maybe they'll go in a day or so but if they think we're being snooty it would be just like them to camp here all winter."

Victor then walked up and down the bed, being very nice to the tonsilitis germs, bowing to the right and to the left, and even offering a comely young female germ his arm.

"What I mean is," he whispered to me, "if we could get all these germs out of your throat onto the counterpane here and then have a St. Bartholomew's massacre of them!"

"You couldn't get them all out," I said, doubtfully.

“Probably not,” complained Victor, “because you would have to keep your trap shut for about fifteen minutes after they were all out, and I don’t think you could do that.”

THE DAISY SITUATION

THE truth of the daisy situation cannot be withheld from general knowledge much longer. Too many people know it already. People are talking. It is difficult to speak on this matter for many reasons. One of them is that I like Vassar girls, and Vassar girls, with their annual daisy chain, have made the daisy what it is to-day, *i.e.*, a successful flower.

Vassar girls are all right. Who were the first volunteers to answer the call to arms in 1898? Vassar girls.

Who were the first to enroll under Pershing's banner in 1917? Vassar girls. This, mind you, despite the fact that Pershing was not a Vassar graduate.

Where would America be to-day if it were not for Vassar girls? It probably would be all askew, with the present Atlantic Coast stuck down near the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes bordering on what is now Puget Sound. In fact, that *was* the shape the country was in early in the last century. The trouble was due to the fact that Oregon and Washington had got caught on the edge of Canada.

Who was it braved the perils of a trip across the then trackless waste of the continent and unhooked

the United States from Canada so that it could slide around into its proper position? It was two Vassar graduates, Lewis and Clarke, that's who it was.

Well, the sad truth is that there probably will not be many more daisy chains at Vassar. On account of the sun getting colder it is becoming more and more difficult to raise daisies in this hemisphere. Soon there will not be enough daisies produced in the whole United States to make the Vassar daisy chain. This will deprive the Vassar daisy chainbearers of their jobs, thus increasing the ranks of the unemployed in the United States. This situation, coming in a campaign year, or a non-campaign year, is bound to make things pretty bad. I half wish the Vassar sophomores would not count their daisies until they are hatched.

By that I do not mean that Vassar sophomores are hatched, nor do I mean that daisies are hatched. I guess I do not know what I do mean.

The present condition of the daisy is the inevitable result of the march of civilization. This is an age of machinery. We have no place in our sordid lives for flowers and the daisy, the violet, the crocus and the rhododendron will inevitably go the way of the bison and the buffalo. It has been fully thirty years since they had a bison chain at Vassar.

If there are to be daisy chains at Vassar, we daisy lovers ought to do something pretty quick to save

the situation and keep those girls from starvation, death—or a fate worse than death. By a fate worse than death I mean becoming a social worker or a lady statistician.

We've got to speed up daisy production and at the same time conserve daisies. Cows can coöperate by not eating daisies. I suggest that some sort of fake cloth daisy sprinkled with red pepper, something on the principle of a china egg, be placed in meadows to fool cows and teach them not to eat daisies.

Do not hoard daisies. If you have any old daisies trot them out and send them to the Chairman of the Daisy Chain Committee at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Take the daisy your Aunt Hattie was married in and send it along. It can be used. Coöperation is what is needed.

THE PARTRIDGE

IN hunting the partridge the first thing to do is find out whether the season is open or closed. For those who can read a copy of the game laws will furnish the information accurately and expeditiously. Those who cannot read simply have to get their information through that mysterious sixth sense with which a beneficent nature has endowed those who cannot read and who want to know when the partridge season opens.

On the appointed morning we are up at the break of day. It is a scene to be remembered. The frost is on the pumpkin. The hounds, in their red coats and black velvet caps, are straining at the leash.

“Back, Fido! Back, Chu-Chin-Chow! Down, Mignonette! Down, Gladys!” comes the cry of the master of hounds, remonstrating with the unruly canines. In the hunting party there must be some one able to imitate the call of the partridge. This is essential. Real partridge lurers are rare. The successful lurer must have histrionic powers beyond the average. The best partridge lurers feel their part so strongly that they are completely carried away with it. For the nonce they ARE partridges. One must also have the right voice for partridge

luring. Patti had it. The de Reszkes had it. But you could hardly ever get them to imitate partridges.

The response of the partridges to a really competent imitator is amazing. They fly from all points of the wood and seat themselves in orderly rows in front of him. The other hunters sequester themselves in adjoining bushes, whiling away the time by telling stories, necking or doing charades. The hounds have been left at home after their pictures have been snapped for *Spur*, *Vogue* and *Riding and Walking*.

If the performance is good the partridges applaud by flapping their wings, emitting a curious booming sound. Then they fly off. There are exceptions to this procedure. Elsie Janis, once called on unexpectedly to imitate a partridge during a hunt, found the partridges walking out on her. With rare presence of mind she turned a handspring, in imitation of Mrs. Fiske, and then did Ethel Barrymore, saying, "Thuss awl thur uzz. Thur uzzn't unny murr." In an instant the partridges resumed their seats and became so rapt in Miss Janis's performance that it was a simple matter for the rest of the hunters to perform their task; that is, to steal up behind the absorbed birds and apply cotton soaked in chloroform to their beaks.

We must remember another important thing in hunting the partridge. Before you shoot the bird,

be sure it is a partridge. Partridges often intermarry with quail, or pheasants, pigeons and occasionally guinea hens. Hence one frequently finds a bird that looks like a partridge, acts like a partridge and, to all intents and purposes, is a partridge but which, as a matter of fact, may have quail or pheasant blood in it. Now, shooting partridge is one thing and shooting quail is another.

The only way one can make sure he is bagging a full-blooded partridge is by examining the soles of the bird's feet. Only too often, however, the partridge flies away before the hunter has a chance to examine the soles of its feet and in almost every case of that kind it takes its feet, soles and all, with it when it flies.

In solving this problem I found that my experience as first violin in the Bronx Park Zoo came in handy. I always took my violin with me on my partridge hunting and when my setter had pointed his bird I simply unsheathed my violin and struck up the love music from "Tristan." The strains of the jolly old tune never failed to charm the bird and invariably, long before I had reached the final arpeggio, the partridge was snuggled in my arms, her head upon my shoulder, weeping and sobbing fit to break her heart.

That gave me ample opportunity for a surreptitious inspection of her feet, but the process had this

disadvantage. You can't very well shoot a partridge that has expressed enough confidence in you to sob out her little troubles on your shoulder. You do get attached to a creature under those circumstances; at least, I think any one with any milk of human kindness in him does. I never could shoot after scenes like this. I always ended by escorting the partridge home to her lair, much to the disgust of my setter, Twidge.

PIERROT THE FLY

OUR house now has a new pet, Pierrot the fly. This brings the total up to six and these six, if placed together, would occupy less than a cubic foot of space. They constitute the most ideal group of pets yet invented for a city flat.

There is Pippy, the puppy, and Victor, the cat. They occupy sixty-seven times the space occupied by all the other four pets. The other four are Angelica, the mouse; the above-mentioned Pierrot, and the two tonsillitis germs, Mike and Ike, that came to cough last winter and remained to stay.

One cold morning last week there came a feeble buzzing from the vicinity of the floor. Never one to allow a feeble buzz to go uninvestigated, we emerged from beneath the quilts and peeked over the side of the bed. There, sitting on the floor, was a large, exhausted, shivering fly.

"Ha!" we cried. "So it's you! Well, my good sir, you shall not escape me this time."

We climbed out of bed and quickly rolled up a copy of *The World*. Then, not wishing to take any chances, we decided to make a good swatter so we added the *Sunday Times*, the *Emporia Gazette*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Manchester Guardian*,

the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *Atlanta Constitution*.

He saw he had no chance. Pulling himself together with one last effort, he stood erect and looked us straight in the eye.

"I do not mind going," he said, "I've had my day. I stopped here too long. It was getting cold and the rest of the flies had long since gone South, but I lingered. Well, I've seen everything and under the circumstances I welcome oblivion."

"Why," we asked curiously, "did you choose to stay so long in New York that you got frozen?"

"Why does any male get into trouble?" the fly asked, bitterly.

"You mean—*cherchez la femme*?" we inquired.

"Exactly," he said, "but she was worth it. A more beautiful fly you never saw. She had an iridescent glint to her wings. She flew beautifully. I met her on a lump of sugar in a restaurant. I knew instantly that she was the one fly in the world for me. I fell madly, desperately, in love. If she had asked me to alight on a piece of flypaper I'd have obeyed her gladly. We were happy for a while—until He came along. A bluebottle fly, a handsome devil, he was, and—well—she was a female. I had misjudged the depth of her affection for me."

"What happened?"

"One day they both disappeared. I didn't care

what became of me. Purposely, I alighted on the flypaper but a cursed fate would not give me the easeful respite of death. I never stuck. I got in the way of swatters but the aim was always so terrible that it got to be a joke. I got to hanging around bar-rooms and would visit bottle after bottle, gorging myself until I fell in a stupor. The forgetfulness I gained was only temporary, and the next morning was always awful. The liquor you get nowadays is terrible.

"So, you see, I don't care whether you swat me or not. Life means nothing at all to me. Go ahead, swat!"

He opened his wings, but we burst into tears. All the world loves a lover. We threw the bulky swatter across the room and, leaning down, tenderly gathered the forlorn creature to us.

Pierrot is somewhat better now. Kindness and plenty of good food and warmth have improved him greatly. He still thinks of her, of course. A love like that is not so easily buried. He is moody and depressed for days at a time. We named him Pierrot, and we are confident that when next summer comes he will find another love to supplant the fickle female that deserted him.

THE DEER

THE days of the hunting season are apt to prove a nuisance to the deer. Our advice to the gentle mammal is simple, and if followed faithfully ought to bring any intelligent deer through the hunting season without a scar.

At the beginning of the season let him pick out a hunter with a face that could be mistaken for a deer's and shadow him closely. Then, whenever some one is about to take a pot shot, let the deer slip quickly behind this man.

Thus the assailant will be baffled. If he tries to sidle about so as to place the animal in range, the deer can meet the situation quite easily by sidling also. Man has no monopoly on sidling and the deer, being more accustomed to the feel of the forest, will sidle better within his own precincts than the man. The human intruder in sidling will certainly not be so sure-footed as his antlered friend, and like as not will slip on the wet October leaves which will have fallen to the ground, unless it is not October.

The whole deer-hunting situation is sadly misunderstood, anyhow. The truth is that not one in ninety of the gentlemen who go on an orgy of outfit-buying and then embark the next day for the mountains is anything like a good shot. Then where do

the departed deer come from that we see lashed to the tonneaus of automobiles returning to town late in the deer season?

You may ask. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred these deer are suicides! They are the mortal remains of deer which, tired of life in the forests, have placed themselves before the hunter's gun as an easy way out. And it is no light task for a deer to place himself before the gun of an average hunter. It involves perseverance, patience and an indomitable will to die.

The deer has to find out exactly by how many yards the hunter he has chosen for his suicide is in the habit of missing. He has to get the range of this hunter and then has to place himself at the necessary angle. Some deer successfully commit suicide by allowing themselves to be mistaken for hunters.

Why should a deer, living a normal, healthy life in the open, become abnormal enough to tire of life?

You may ask that too. The answer is that the mountains are not what they were in the simple, old days before the *haut monde* took to establishing "hunting lodges" up there. For example, the Adirondack deer of late years has been seeing far too much of what we may call "high life." He has far more opportunity of observing and being affected by the excesses and the decadences of the fashionable,

irresponsible set than you or I, who know of these things only as we read of them in the press.

A deer in the Adirondacks has the privilege of roving the forests freely, and he may wander with impunity up to a window of a hunting lodge in which an orgy is taking place. Nothing is thought of it. Do these society people worry about the morals of the deer? Ha, not they! But if we wandered up to a window of an Adirondack hunting lodge during an orgy, the butler would be quickly sent out to tell us to get the hell away from there. It does no good to try to wear antlers as a disguise. We tried that once during the course of an investigation of Adirondack hunting lodge orgies we were making for *Puck*. It was in the old magazine muckraking days. Ida M. Tarbell was very active at the time, but never had to wear antlers during the course of her investigations, a circumstance for which she may well thank her lucky stars. Antlers slip easily and are very hard to wear.

The deer has seen much too much and has gone decadent. The old days of virile deer have passed, and if you want to find that sort of creature now you must go not to the Adirondacks but to some remote stamping ground in Saskatchewan or Upper Canada to which the smart set has not yet penetrated.

THE END

Mr Randall W Scott
2315 Ridgeline Dr
Lansing MI 48912

326 1463248 3674 0005 S38 43



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Lansing MI 48912

326 1463248 3674 0005 S38 43



